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**BOYS'**  
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# THE BOYS'



1839.

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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
No 146 CHESNUT STREET.



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## BIOGRAPHY.





# BIOGRAPHY.

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## THE CHOCTAW BOY.

BETHABARA, CHOCTAW NATION,

September 14th, 1835.

*My Dear Children and Young Friends—*

PERHAPS you may not dislike to read a letter from a missionary among the Indians of the far distant west. This letter may then be considered as addressed to each dear child who reads it, and also to all who hear it read.

Did any of you ever read about a little Choctaw girl, named Tewahokay, who died a little more than a year ago? If so, you will recollect that her situation was extremely poor as to outward comforts, and her body much diseased. But were you not pleased to hear her say, "Though I am afflicted with these dreadful sores,

yet may be my Father above will pity me as he did Lazarus. O that I might become like Lazarus, who, though he suffered such great distress and died, was carried by angels to heaven and saved." If I mistake not, it was mentioned how she prayed for her brothers and kindred; and that a little before her death, she solemnly addressed one of them, who had strayed far from the fold of Christ. I am happy now, my dear children, to inform you that her prayers for this brother have been had in remembrance, and graciously answered. Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving him once more to all the privileges of the church; at which time he acknowledged that the exhortations of his little sister had deeply affected his heart.

I will only add concerning this family—the mother of little T., who was so glad that her daughter loved Jesus better than she loved her kind mother, has since gone to join her in the song of the redeemed; while the aged father keeps on with steady pace and cheerful zeal, in the same "bright path" (as they call it) towards "the country beyond the skies." But, my dear children, my object when I began to write this letter was to tell you

something concerning a dear little Choctaw boy, who died a few weeks ago.

He was born in the great wilderness, on the east of the Mississippi river, in the year 1827. His father has only an Indian name, which signifies, when interpreted into English, *Keep on killing with it*. Somebody, however, (perhaps it was a missionary,) gave to this little boy the name of *Henry Obookiah*.

His parents were ignorant, wild, and wicked, like all other heathens, until a very few years ago. But our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ sent missionaries into the country of the Choctaws, with his gospel to preach. He also graciously blessed their labours with the influences of his Holy Spirit, upon the hearts of a great many of these poor red people of the forest. Hundreds of the aged and the young began to call upon the name of the Lord Jesus—that same great and glorious Saviour whom you hear preached—and to whom I hope you all do pray. Little Henry's parents gave themselves to God to be his people. And after they came across the great Mississippi river, to find a home in this region, having settled within five or six miles of this missionary

station, they united with this church. Henry, the oldest son, was about six years old at that time. His father has recently been chosen to be an officer in the church.

Nothing very remarkable appeared in this little boy until he was about five years old. And, indeed, my dear young friends, it is but little that I have been able to learn respecting him. I was not very intimately acquainted with him. I had noticed him merely as being a remarkably pleasant and healthy child. But why should I withhold from my little readers the few particulars that I have been able to collect? You may, perhaps, think more of, and pray more for, your little red friends in the wild woods, if I tell you something about them.

When Henry was about five years old, his father took him abroad one day a few miles to see some of his friends. On their return home at night, the little son directed his eyes upward to the twinkling stars, and said, "Father, who made those stars?"

"The great Jehovah, our Father in heaven, made them, my son; and he made all other things."

Little Henry was then silent for some time, and mused as he rode along upon what he had heard about his

Father in heaven. Again he asked—"Did Jehovah make all men?"

"Yes."

Then said he, "Well, it must surely have been He who caused me to be born."

"Yes," said his father, "and if you will be a good child—if you will become his child, you can see God."

"Can I see God, indeed?"

"Yes, if you will become his child, and be truly good, you can go and see him when you die."

"But, father, how can I become good?" inquired little Henry with eagerness.

"You must hear, and obey the words of God, and never tell lies, nor steal any thing. And you must obey your father and mother in all things."

"Father, do all children do these things? Are my uncle A.'s children good children?"

"I am afraid not, my son; but you ought to be so," said his father.

At other times afterward he used to converse freely with his father about such things, especially when he was from home with him. But while at home, being mostly

with his mother, he frequently put such questions to her, in a serious manner. His mind seemed to be much on the things of God and eternity. His pious mother instructed him on religious subjects, so far as she was able. But, O my dear readers, this Indian woman had never learned to read the Bible, and other good books; and she had heard the gospel preached but a few times; so that it was but little she could teach her inquiring son, in comparison with what your mothers can teach you.

Little Henry once spoke of an infant sister that had died not long before, saying, "I suppose my little sister Mary is now in heaven."

His mother replied, "I hope so, because it is said, Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He then asked, "Cannot I go to heaven, mother? Would not God take me there if I should go up on the top of the house, and call upon him to do so?"

"No, my child, for your little sister did not go there while she was alive. You saw her body put in the ground. It was her soul that went to heaven when she died. So you cannot expect to go there alive; but when



you die, if God will take you to the good place beyond the sky, then may be you will see your little sister there."

Henry once attended a funeral of an uncle, who had died in the Christian faith. He was very thoughtful, and when he returned home, asked his mother why the people sang and prayed before they buried the corpse. She told him that it was proper for Christians to do so when they buried their dead; and because the deceased had been used to pray in his life time. Some months afterward, as he sat musing by the fireside, he suddenly spoke, saying, "I suppose my uncle is now in heaven."

His mother answered, "Yes, I think he is, if he was sincere in his prayers: but if he was not a true Christian, he could not have gone to that good world above."

"Mother," exclaimed Henry, "cannot I too go to heaven?"

"Not when you are alive," said she.

"But, my mother, *I wish to go to heaven very much.* And don't you think if I should now climb up to the top of the house, and call aloud to Jehovah, that he would come and take me up then, away beyond the sky?"

"No, my son, you must wait till you die, and if the

Lord Jesus Christ owns or acknowledges you as his child, he will surely save you in his kingdom."

My dear young friends, let me ask you, have you inquired of your parents how you can become good? Have you, like this little Indian boy, expressed your earnest desire to go and see God? When you have heard your parents, and Sabbath-school instructors, or the ministers of God, tell you your danger as sinners, and the way to be saved,—did you, like this little Henry, a poor Choctaw boy, lay up these things in your hearts? One thing I wish you all to remember—it is this: little Henry *had never been to a Sabbath-school*; for he lived five miles off and could not attend. He had been to meeting occasionally with his parents, and loved to hear about Jesus Christ the Son of God, who became man, and died on the cross, even for poor Indians. But O how limited was his knowledge in comparison with yours! My dear child, who art now reading these lines, do not by your abuse of good instruction, let this little Indian boy testify against you in the great judgment day. Do not let your bible, your Sabbath-school, or this letter, which I now write to you from a heathen land, rise up against you, for rejecting



the counsel of God. But I must hasten to tell you of the latter end of little Henry. He never had any opportunity to attend a school, until, I think it was, the last month of his life. A common school was then commenced, five or six miles from his father's residence, and his parents made an arrangement to have him boarded near to the school house. O how gladly did he consent to leave his home, and go where he could learn to read the word of God. How did his full black eye sparkle with delight when he came to my house and obtained a spelling book. And I would here remark, that his very countenance expressed the soft affections—the kind dispositions of his heart; and his uniform good behaviour secured to himself the good will of his school mates, and the love of his teacher.

On the 24th of June, little Henry's father attended at the organization of a missionary society among his people, when he was elected one of the officers. On his return, by way of the school, he found his little son quite unwell, and took him home with him. Let us now read an extract from a letter of Henry's father to me, which was written in the Choctaw language. This is it.

## [TRANSLATION.]

“After I brought my son home, the disease came upon him with such violence, that he spoke not one word to any of the family, during a whole day and night. His distress increased more and more. I gave him some medicine, which seemed to have a good effect. But still his illness increased, yea, greatly increased, till towards the second evening. Still I had no expectations that his breath would leave him that night. But when it was quite evening, there seemed to be a change in his appearance. Then he spoke for the first time since he was taken sick, and quite loud, saying, ‘I shall never walk again, my feet are quite numb.’

“I then perceived some very alarming symptoms, and sent for some of his kindred, who live near by. They all came, and were present. I pointed to an uncle of Henry, and said, who is this?

“‘It is my uncle,’ said he.

“I then asked, pointing to his mother, who is this?

“‘It is my mother.’

“He seemed to be quite sensible, and said, ‘O how is it? Am I going to die?’ He soon added, ‘But there is

no one who is to live and not see death. You, all of you who sit here, will soon die. Thus I die.'

"I asked him, do you feel sensible that you are dying now, my son?

"'Yes, I shall soon die.'

"And where do you think you will go to when you die."

"He instantly replied, 'Upward,' (meaning to heaven,) and soon repeated, 'I am going up to the country beyond the skies.'

"When I heard my little son say this, although my desire had been, O that he may live, I freely gave him up to my heavenly Father. Soon after this he lay senseless for a short time, and then partially revived. After leaning on the neck of his grandmother for some time, he exclaimed, 'Well—*now*,' (as though he would say, I am ready,) and laid himself down. We all wept. He then said, 'Do not weep—I am not yet gone. However, when I am gone you will weep.'

"Still, as our tears did not cease to flow, he said, 'O dear! what then; you will hold me back so that I may not go to heaven.' Then shortly he repeated, 'O dear!'

and clasping his little hands close together, he said, 'I am going.'

"As he drew still nearer his end, he lay very quietly, and then softly whispered, 'I am going—*farewell*;' and his breath departed from him. Thus this child died at the age of eight years and about three months."

My dear young friends will remember that this account of the last moments of little Henry is from his father. He adds a line respecting his own feelings, which I will also translate.

"O, my brother! my desire is, O that I might, while I live, know, trust, [or believe] my heavenly Father, until death; and if my heart be perhaps [or possibly] true, that I may go to see this my child that is now thus dead and gone from me."

It was very providentially ordered, that I, though ignorant of Henry's death, should that very day send them a new Choctaw book, containing biographical notices of pious children. It proved a means of comforting the afflicted parents very much. They have indeed been wonderfully supported under their loss, with the hope

that their little son has now indeed gone to that happy world which he longed so much to see.

And now, my dear children, the missionary that writes you this letter, has never seen you, and does not expect to see you in this world. But he wants you to love the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart, and put your trust in him, so that you may all—every one of you—go to that happy place when you die. Then may you meet a company which no man can number, even of children, with angelic faces, who for ever praise *Him who hath redeemed them out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.*

Dear young friends, *farewell.*

LORING S. WILLIAMS.

## ROBERT HALL'S LAST MOMENTS.

THE friends of the late Rev. Robert Hall, in this country, have been gratified with an account of his last moments, prepared by Dr. Chandler, his attending physician; and (as it would seem) one of his parishioners. It contains a very minute account of the character and progress of his disease, and of the sufferings connected with it. It is stated that there were found in the cavities of the right kidney, ten hard substances like stones—the largest weighing 320 grains! The other nine were smaller; and all but one of the ten were armed with sharp spikes.

On Monday, February 24th, between twelve and one o'clock, a consultation was held, and Dr. Chandler left him in a comfortable state.

The physician says, "It is surprising that his expression of suffering should have been so feeble, and his endur-



rance of it so patient; but that under the severe goading of these actual thorns in the flesh, he should rise superior to pain, and actually derive from it an additional excitement to his accustomed *eloquence* in preaching, and deliver on such occasions some of the richest and most brilliant of his discourses, was strikingly illustrative of the order of his mind, and shows in a remarkable manner what power there is in the Christian faith.

“In a very short time, and before I had reached home, I was summoned to behold the last agonizing scene of this great and extraordinary man. His difficulty of breathing had suddenly increased to a dreadful and final paroxysm. It seems this last paroxysm came on more gradually than was usual with those which preceded. Mr. Hall, finding his breathing becoming much worse, first rose more on his elbow, then raising his body, supported himself with his hand, till the increasing agitation obliged him to rise completely on the sofa, and to place his feet in hot water—the usual means he resorted to for relief in every paroxysm. Mrs. Hall, observing a fixation of his eyes, and an unusual expression on his countenance, and indeed in his whole manner, became alarmed by the sudden im-

pression that he was dying; and exclaimed in great agitation, 'This cannot be dying!' when he replied, 'It is death, death! Oh, the sufferings of this body!' Mrs. Hall then asked him, 'But are you comfortable in your mind?' he immediately answered, 'Very comfortable—very comfortable:' and exclaimed, 'Come, Lord Jesus—Come'—. He then hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word, and one of his daughters involuntarily, as it were, anticipated him by saying, 'Quickly!' on which her departing father gave her a look expressive of the most complacent delight.

"On entering his room, I found him sitting on the sofa, surrounded by his lamenting family, with one foot in the hot water, and the other spasmodically grasping the edge of the bath; his frame waving in violent, almost convulsive heavings, sufficiently indicative of the process of dissolution. I hastened, though despairingly, to administer such stimulants as might possibly avert the threatened termination of life; and as I sat by his side for this purpose he threw his arm over my shoulders for support, with a look of evident satisfaction that I was near him.



He said to me, 'I am dying; death is come at last, all will now be useless.'

"As I pressed upon him draughts of stimulants he intimated that he would take them if I wished; but he believed all was useless. On my asking him if he suffered much, he replied, 'Dreadfully.' The rapidly increasing gasping soon overpowered his ability to swallow, or to speak, except in monosyllables few in number, which I could not recollect; but whatever might be the degree of his suffering, (and great it must have been,) there was no failure of his mental vigour or composure. Indeed, so perfect was his consciousness, that in the midst of these last agonies, he intimated to me, very shortly before the close, with his accustomed courteousness, a fear lest he should fatigue me by leaning on me; and when his family, one after another, gave way in despair, he followed them with sympathizing looks, as they were obliged to be conveyed from the room. This was his last voluntary movement; for immediately a general convulsion seized him, and he quickly expired.

"It is not in my power adequately to represent the solemn and awful grandeur of this last scene. Our be-

loved pastor died from a failure of the vital powers of the heart, amidst the most vigorous energies of consciousness and will; his placidity and complacency of spirit being in striking contrast with the wild and powerful convulsions of a frame yielding in its full strength. The pains of dying were extreme; but they were borne with genuine Christian magnanimity. Peacefully he closed those 'brilliant eyes which had so often beamed upon us rays of benignity and intellectual fire.' Calmly, yet firmly he sealed those 'lips which had so often charmed our ears with messages of divine mercy and grace.' And as he lay a corpse over my shoulder, he exhibited a countenance combining such peace, benevolence, and grandeur, in its silent expressions, as have seldom been witnessed in the dead. Oh! what a moment was that when we paused for his next breath—but it came not—and all was over; our beloved friend had separated from his flesh. His faith had terminated in sight. He was present with the Lord. I wished only a glance of him, blessing us, I imagined, as he passed away. But here, as on all other occasions, we must learn to live by faith. All left for us to contemplate were the painful and humili-

ating facts and consequences which death produced. The lifeless corpse of one so great and mighty, so affectionate and beloved; the failing hearts of the widow and the fatherless, broken and inconsolable; the sobbings and lamentations of friends; the confusion spread through the neighbourhood; all combined to provoke each other's despair under so irreparable a loss. When, however, he was transferred to his bed, and we gazed upon that more than ordinary composure of features which our deceased pastor exhibited, we felt the reaction of faith on sensible objects, exhilarating us with the consolatory conviction, that the gain of the departed was, in a sense, proportioned to the loss felt by the Christian church.

“I am aware that the closing days of this truly excellent man were not rich in those expressions of sentiment which the curiosity of a multitude usually demands, but it was the manner, the dignified composure of spirit, the unclouded eye of faith, the majestic demeanour of the Christian, which spoke what words could not intelligibly communicate, and conveyed more full and satisfactory ideas to the beholder. It has lately been well remarked, by an able preacher: ‘His greatness was lost in his

goodness, the scholar in the Christian, and the philosopher in the man of God. He rose by descending; his gentleness made him great; and his unaffected simplicity gave him a moral grandeur seldom encircling the brow of a mortal.' Never did our reverend pastor present a more softened, a more benignant majesty of deportment than in the last week of his life. In patience he possessed his soul; with calm solemnity he awaited the coming of his Saviour: with humble, but assured hope, he longed for the moment when he should be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of Man. Emptied of self, he was lost in admiring contemplation of the mercies of God, in the great salvation.

## BISHOP KEN.

THIS eminent man was born in England, two hundred years ago. His name was THOMAS KEN. When he was a very little boy, he loved God; and it was his rule at that time to *do always what God says in the Bible*. He knew as well as we do, that holy men, such as Moses and Samuel, and David and Solomon, and all the prophets, and apostles, and evangelists, did not write the Bible as other men write other books. He knew that they spake and wrote *as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*. The holy Bible, as he well knew, is God's book; and for this reason, whosoever wishes to obey God, must be careful to do what is commanded in the Bible.

As he grew up, he kept more and more strictly to his sacred rule. He said that he belonged to God, and that *whether he ate or drank, or whatsoever he did, he would do*

*all to the glory of God.* Even when he wrote a letter to any one, he used to begin with these words, *Glory be to God.* He did this because it kept always in his mind that he ought not to live to himself, but to God. And if you will look in your Bible, at the seventh and eighth verses of the fourteenth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, you can read what God has himself said on this very subject.

By following his good rule, the lovely Thomas Ken became a holy man like Leighton. He studied much, and preached often, and was one of the very busiest of men. But busy as he always was, he was never too busy to say his daily prayers and keep his sacred rule. He even thought that he could do better without his *meals*, than do without his *daily prayers*. To lead the scholars at Winchester college to pray as he did, he wrote a book of prayers, now called Ken's Manual. But while he was teaching others how to pray, he was their *example* as well as their *teacher*. And all teachers ought thus to be examples to those whom they teach.

Bishop Ken travelled out of England into Italy, with his nephew Isaac Walton; and he went to Holland also,



and some other countries. But he used to pray abroad as well as at home. He knew that God is omnipresent, that is, He *is everywhere*; and he rejoiced to think, that when far away from all his earthly friends, yet God was *about his path and about his bed!*

It was his habit to awake very early in the morning. And the very first thing he did was to sing praises unto God. He loved music, and especially sacred music. He loved poetry also, especially sacred poetry. He could himself *play upon the lute*; and he could also *write sacred poetry*. And every day, before he put on his clothes, he used to take up his lute, and while he played a tune on it, he would sing to God a morning hymn. One of the hymns which he wrote begins with these words:

“Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily course of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.”

Good Bishop Ken often sang to God this morning hymn, as he played upon his lute some sacred melody; and this hymn it would be well for us to learn by heart. O may



God give us grace to sing every word of it, with the holy feelings of good bishop Ken!

In the same manner that he *began* the day this man of God *lived through* the day. He loved God, and kept his commandments. He would not do what he thought wrong, no matter who might try to force him. He thought far more of pleasing God, than pleasing men. Some persons are willing to do wrong, sooner than displease a king or prince, because such men in power can often do with their people very much as they please. But bishop Ken was not afraid of any king on earth. On one occasion, he did what he knew would please God, though he knew it would very much displease a prince—Prince William. At the death-bed of Charles the Second, king of England, bishop Ken did not only tell *him* of his great guilt, (for he was a wicked man,) but said also, that unless he would repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, he could not be saved. And *every one*, my dear boy, *who most fears God will least fear men.*

This holy man of God gave yet another proof that he loved to be what God commands us in the Bible. He was remarkable for showing *mercy to the poor.* Our

blessed Saviour says, that we must *give alms of our goods*. And the merciful bishop Ken, whenever poor persons came to him, gave them food and raiment for their bodies. But he also took care, at the same time, to say something to them about their immortal souls. He spoke, at least a few words, to lead their thoughts to God, and Jesus, and eternity.

He set up many charity schools for poor children, where they might learn to read God's word, and learn the way to heaven. He wrote for them an explanation of the catechism. At a certain time, when a large number of prisoners were in very great distress, he went to them every day and prayed with them. And he did so much for all the sick and suffering, that he became *the poor child's guardian, and the poor man's friend, and the father of all the sons and daughters of affliction*. If he saw any hungry, he gave him meat; thirsty, he gave him drink; a stranger, he took him in: naked, he clothed him; sick, he visited him; in prison, he came unto him.

In Bishop Ken's time many excellent men, (such as Cranmer, and Latimer, and Ridley,) were put to a cruel death because they would serve God rather than men.

Like them, Ken had the spirit of a true reformer. Because he would be a *Protestant*, like them, like them he too was greatly persecuted. He was sent, as they were, to the Tower of London. But he was not called to die as they did, a martyr at the stake. He was let out of the Tower; but he was no longer suffered to be bishop.

It was not God's will, that Bishop Ken should die a martyr. But God willed, that he should die of a slow disease, and at last be struck with the dead palsy. On the 19th day of March, just 124 years ago, his soul was set free from his diseased body, and, we doubt not, went to be with Jesus in the realms of light.

On his death-bed, amid all his sufferings of body, he was like Boerhaave, an example of *resignation to God's will*. He once inquired of his physician, "How long, think you, have I to live?" The physician answered, "About two or three days." And the meek sufferer only said then, with a calm countenance, and a clear voice, "God's will be done." He said, that death would be his gain. It had no alarms for him. He had long lived in constant expectation of it, travelling, for many years, with his grave-clothes in his portmanteau. He very

often said: "My shroud may be as soon wanted, as any other article of clothing." In his last sickness, with his own hands he put on his grave-clothes; and having then soon closed his eyes, without a struggle or a groan *he fell asleep in Jesus*. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Yes, they are blessed, "from henceforth," that is, *immediately*. "Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

## DEATHS OF HOOKER AND LEIGHTON.

THE last hours of men who have grown old in faithful devotion to the service of Christ, often furnish to us invaluable treasures of practical wisdom. How affecting and beautiful were the words of the great HOOKER on the day before his death, when questioned with respect to the subject of the deep contemplation in which he was engaged, and from which he appeared reluctant to be diverted. His reply was, "that he was meditating on the number and nature of angels and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven, and oh!" added he, "that it might be so on earth."

After these words he said, "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his

grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him and to all men, yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? and therefore, where I have failed, Lord show mercy to me, for I plead not my own righteousness but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, O Lord, let it not be terrible: and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done."

We add his last words which he addressed to doctor Saravia on waking from the slumber into which he fell after uttering what is quoted above.

"Good Doctor," said he, "God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from which blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me." "More he would have spoken;" remarks his biographer, Isaac Walton, in language of simple eloquence beautifully appropriate to the occasion, "but his spirits failed him; and after a short conflict betwixt na-



ture and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep."

Though about to quit the world, his spirit all ready, as it were, in advance of his body, and holding communion with heaven, he cannot forget his fellow men. Contemplating the obedience, the order, the peace, which reign among those with whom he is soon to associate, he exclaims, "*O! that it might be so on earth.*" How richly was he imbued with the spirit of him who has taught us habitually to pray, "*thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.*"

Many such instructive lessons may be learned from the expressions of holy men, in the closing scenes of life. We shall adduce but one other instance, and it is from the life of one worthy in all respects to be named with Hooker.

Archbishop Leighton, to whom we refer, though always labouring for the good of his fellow creatures, was for many years before his death anxious to depart to his home. The world had ceased to interest him, except as a place of labour for God, and preparation for eternity. And yet it was not in a melancholy tone that he was



accustomed to speak of death. "To him," says the Rev. J. N. Pearson, author of the biography attached to the latest edition of his works, "death had lost its sting: it was become a pleasant theme, and gave occasion to some of his most cheerful sayings."

"In general," the same writer remarks, "his temper was serene rather than gay: but his nephew states, that if ever it rose to an unusual pitch of vivacity, it was when some illness attacked him; when 'from the shaking of the prison doors he was led to hope that some of those brisk blasts would throw them open and give him the release he coveted.' Then he seemed to stand tiptoe on the margin of eternity in a delightful amazement of spirit, eagerly awaiting the summons to depart, and feeding his soul with the prospect of immortal life and glory. Sometimes while contemplating his future resting-place, he would break out in that noble apostrophe of pious George Herbert,

Oh let me roost and nestle there;  
Then of a sinner thou art rid,  
And I of hope and fear.

The following beautiful language is from a letter sup-

posed to have been written by Leighton a short time before his death:—

“I find daily more and more reason without me, and within me yet much more, to pant and long to be gone. I am grown exceedingly uneasy in writing and speaking, yea almost in thinking, when I reflect how cloudy our clearest thoughts are: but I think again what other can we do till the day break and the shadows flee away, as one that lieth awake in the night must be thinking; and one thought that will likely oftenest return, when by all other thoughts he finds relief, is, *when will it be day?*”

The last act of Leighton's life was an errand of mercy. In 1684 he was earnestly requested by Burnet to go up to London to visit a nobleman who had begun to feel much compunction for his lamentable departure from virtue, and had expressed an earnest desire to have the benefit of the Bishop's counsel. Though with such feelings of illness as probably led to his presentiment that death was at hand, he said, “The worse I am, the more I choose to go, that I may give one pull at yon poor brother, and snatch him if possible from the infectious air of the court.” Burnet on meeting him expressed his gratifica-

tion at his looking so well. His reply was, "that for all that, he was very near his end, and his work and journey both were now almost done." This answer, it is said, "made but little impression on Burnet at the time; but his mind reverted to it, after the event of three days had marked it with prophetic emphasis." At the expiration of this period his anxious desires had been gratified, and he had exchanged the perturbations of the world for the enduring and untroubled rest of heaven.

## LAST HOURS OF REV. DR. CORNELIUS,

LATE SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR  
FOREIGN MISSIONS.

His death was sudden. In less than a week after he was seized, the rapid progress of his disease terminated his life; and his spirit took its upward flight. But though the summons for departure came upon him suddenly, it found him not unprepared; he was at his post, engaged in duty, and waiting the will of the Lord; and had he foreseen the event that was approaching, he could scarcely have been more actively devoted to the service of his Saviour, than he was some weeks before his death. From the commencement of his sickness he appeared in a state of mind peculiarly serene and heavenly. His divine Master had evidently been preparing him for the hour that was at hand. No apprehension was entertained of his being in immediate danger till the day before his

decease. About twelve o'clock on Saturday last, it became apparent that the disease was seating itself in his brain and preparing to attack the springs of life. After having suffered severely from one of those terrible spasms, which finally exhausted and broke down the firm framework of his soul, he called a friend to his bed-side, and with great deliberation and calmness, said, that he felt himself to be near his end; that for three days, the impression had been on his mind, that it was his last sickness; and he blessed God, that he could look to the change with composure and hope. I feel, said he, that I am a poor sinner; I need to be washed from head to foot in the blood of atonement; but I hope that I may be saved through Christ, who is an all-sufficient and merciful Saviour. Within the last year, and especially of late, Christ has been becoming more and more precious to my soul, and I feel that I can commit my immortal all to him. And here, he added, I wish to leave my dying testimony, that I go to the judgment, relying on nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ. Without this I should have no hope. He then proceeded to give his dying message to his beloved family and absent friends. Tell my dear

wife that I praise God, and hope that she will praise him, that he gives me peace, and, I trust, an humble, penitent, thankful frame of mind in this trying hour. Tell her not to indulge immoderate grief, lest she sin against God. If she could see the whole glorious plan as God sees it, she would bless his holy name for removing me now. He will take care of her and of the dear children. I have no doubt of it.

He then spoke of the cause of missions with great tenderness and affection; and said that he had determined to write to the missionaries, at the different stations, to engage them to observe the Friday preceding the monthly concert, as a day of fasting and prayer, for higher moral qualifications in themselves, and a higher tone of piety in Christians throughout the world. The thing which now stands in the way of the conversion of the world is the want of primitive piety, a higher standard of religious feeling and action in the church. I have hoped, he said, that if it should please God to remove me now, it may be the means of promoting his cause more among the heathen than if my life should be preserved. It is needful that the church should feel more deeply her dependence

on God, and pray to him with more fervour and faith for the advancement of his cause on earth. Send my best love, he added, to my dear brethren at the missionary rooms; tell them to gird on the whole armour of God, and to go forth with confidence to their work; it is a good work, and God will prosper it.

He then mentioned many of his near relatives, and friends, calling them by name, and expressing his kind wishes for their present and future happiness. Give my thanks, he said, to the good people in this place for their kindness to me for Jesus' sake; referring, as was supposed, not only to the personal attentions that had been shown him, but also to the contributions that had been given him, at different times, in aid of the benevolent operations of the day.\* Tell your own dear people from me, that they hear for eternity. Last Monday I was in the world active, but now am dying. So it may be with any of them. O, if they would but realize the solemn import of the fact, that they hear for eternity, it would rouse them

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\* He died at the house of a clerical brother in Hartford, (Conn.) by whom this account was written.



all from slumber, and cause them to attend without delay to the things which belong to their eternal peace. Tell Christians, he added, to aim at a higher standard of piety, and to live more entirely devoted to Christ and his cause. When one comes to die, he feels that there is an immeasurable disparity between the standard of piety as it now is, and as it ought to be.

The conversation, which I have now stated, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words, took place at two different times, during the last afternoon and evening of his life. At the close of our last interview, supposing that he had the impression that he should continue but a few hours, I said to him: the conversations, my dear brother, which we have had together, have been abundantly gratifying to my heart, and it is proper that you should thus prepare for the change which you apprehend to be near; but there is still hope in your case; and I wish you to admit to your bosom all the hope there is, and to lie like a little child in the hands of God. Never can I forget his reply. His look, his voice, at that moment, so tender and solemn, have left an impression on my mind that can never be effaced. Now, brother,

there is one thing more I wish to say: If it please God to bring me thus far, and then to say, tarry thou here a while longer, or to take me away now, *let his glorious will be done.*

Shortly after this, his spasms returned, in the violence of which his mind wandered. Yet at intervals, during the night, he had his reason, and appeared composed and tranquil, and engaged in prayer. He expired about eight o'clock on Sabbath morning, in the 38th year of his age, and was welcomed, we cannot doubt, by the gracious Saviour, whom he loved and served, into the everlasting joys of his kingdom.

## SELF-TAUGHT MEN.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT passed the earlier years of his life in the humble occupation of a barber; but he was fond of reading, and what proved of more value to him, he had early acquired habits of reflection. He conceived the idea of spinning cotton by means of machinery; and notwithstanding he was miserably poor and friendless, notwithstanding he was every where ridiculed as a visionary projector, who deserved a cell in Bedlam, by the force of energy and application he succeeded in carrying his design (which has since proved so beneficial) into effect, and afterwards revelled in all the luxuries of wealth, and was knighted by his sovereign.

JOHN LESLIE was the son of an humble farmer of Largo, in the lowlands of Scotland; and when he had attained his fifteenth or sixteenth year, he had made considerable progress in all the branches taught at the village school.

He was now employed as a herdsman; and as the pasture on which he tended his cattle was for the most part hedged in, his attendance was more a necessity of being in the field than an employment. This gave him leisure, and he sought to improve his mind. By some means he became possessed of a copy of Simpson's Euclid, upon which he commenced his career as a mathematician. He strewed the footpath by the hedge with sand, delineated his figures thereon, and closing his book went through his demonstrations. It so happened that one day the minister of Largo was taking a walk which led him by the other side of the hedge, and he was startled by hearing muttered sounds, and listening, he could hear distinctly the words "angle," "triangle," "two sides of the one equal to two sides of the other," and A B C, mingled with words and sentences. "That *must* be the mathematics," quoth the minister of Largo; and he was truly astonished to find Jock Leslie overcoming that in solitude, and without instruction, which the minister himself had never been able to overcome amid all the sciences and stimuli of St. Andrew's University. Suffice it to say, that by his means, young Leslie received an university education, became

afterwards distinguished for his scholastic attainments, and grasp of intellect, and succeeded the celebrated Playfair, as Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh.

JAMES FERGUSON was the son of a man in the humblest condition of life. He was employed during his earlier years in keeping sheep, and eagerly appropriated every leisure moment to study and reflection. While his flock was feeding around him, he used frequently to busy himself in making the models of mills, spinning wheels, &c. during the day, and in studying the stars at night. Without instruction, he became an able astronomer, and ascertained the causes of eclipses. He struggled hard with adversity for many years, but finally, by the aid of enterprise and industry, he raised himself from poverty and obscurity to a distinguished place among the philosophers of the age.

WILLIAM GIFFORD was the son of a dissipated mariner, and at his father's death was left friendless and forlorn. He was put on board a coaster by his godfather as a cabin boy, where he remained till he was fourteen years of age. He was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker, and continued at his trade till he was nineteen years old.

During his apprenticeship, he devoted every leisure moment to study, and made himself completely master of algebra without any instruction. Being destitute of paper, pen and ink, he hammered out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought his problems on them with a blunted awl. We cannot sufficiently admire the perseverance of such a youth. And his perseverance was rewarded; for the fame of his literary pursuits reached the ears of a gentleman who was the means of purchasing the remainder of his time, and placing him in a situation where he could acquire a classical education; and he afterwards proved to be one of the ablest writers and most distinguished critics of his day.

Many other illustrations of a similar character might be brought forward, but it is unnecessary. In this country it is computed that about nineteen-twentieths of the population are engaged in manufactures, trade, or agriculture. But according to the system of a republican government, *the people rule*, and a man is respected according to the qualities of his head and heart. The question is not asked whether he is a farmer, a mechanic, or a member of a learned profession: whether he is the child

of poverty or the inheritor of wealth. If he is a man of information, talent, and integrity, he may reasonably aspire to the first offices in the gift of his fellow citizens. Instances are innumerable in the history of our country, of men, who, by their *own industry*, acquired an education, and have afterwards become distinguished in our legislative halls, or have assisted in the councils of state. Such men have always been noted for wisdom, firmness of character, and inflexible patriotism.







MICHAEL BLAKE AND HIS POCKET  
BIBLE.

MICHAEL BLAKE was a godly man, but sadly given to despondency. Michael had met with a disappointment in his business, and though it was not likely to be of very great consequence to him, yet it had the effect of weighing down his spirit, so that he mourned inwardly, and went along with his eyes fixed on the ground. What an unthankful being is man! Let him be surrounded with mercies, if one advantage be denied on which his heart is fixed, or one possession taken away in which his heart delights, he thinks more of the denied advantage, or the removed blessing, than of all the good things which have been so abundantly bestowed upon him. Thus it was with Michael Blake, as he walked across the fields, brooding over the disappointment that had so much depressed his spirit. When he came to the low stile, over which an oak tree spread one of its thickest branches, he

sat himself down, and gave way to a fit of repining, fearing he should come to poverty and want. After a time the balmy air so far revived him, that he lifted up his head and gazed on the scene around him. The clear blue sky above his head, and the fresh green grass beneath his feet were pleasant to the eye; and a cottage, at no great distance, appeared the very abode of cheerfulness, contentment, and peace. Suddenly the sound of mirth burst from the cottage, and two lads, without shoes or stockings, ran forward, each with a crust in his hand, the one chasing the other across the field, hallooing and laughing; no sooner did they come to the little brook at the end, than bending down on the grass, they drank a hearty draught, and then scampered on as before.

Michael Blake felt a change taking place within him, as he looked around. What had the poor bird to render it so happy? Nothing but its own wings and the air of heaven; but they were enough to fill its little heart with joy, and its mouth with a song of rejoicing. The ducks that dabbled in the pond fluttered their wings with feelings of joy, because they could paddle about, and skim with their beaks the stagnant pond. The poultry roamed

at liberty, picking up with delight the small seeds, and pecking at the green herbage. The old gray horse, though his ribs might be counted, and his hip bones stood up high, contentedly grazed in the pasture. Michael Blake felt that neither the soaring lark, the paddling ducks, the strutting fowl, nor the old gray horse, had half his blessings, yet they repined not. The bare-legged boys worked hard for their bread at a neighbouring brick-kiln, yet they could indulge in mirth. He was ashamed of his guilty ingratitude. His trouble grew less and less, and his thankfulness increased, until, taking out his pocket Bible, he read a few verses in the gospel according to St. Luke: "Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith! And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be of doubtful mind. For all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But rather seek ye

the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The heart of Michael Blake grew fuller as he read, and by the time he had finished the verses, his eyes swam with tears. Taking out his knife he cut a notch in the bark of the oak tree, to remind him of his infirmity, and to rebuke him at some future time, if again he gave way to despondency. He then lifted his eyes to heaven and walked onwards with a cheerful air, repeating the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

The soaring lark, the ducks, and the fowls are all dead; the old gray horse and the shaggy ass are no more seen grazing in the field; the boys have gone forth from their homes, and the body of Michael Blake is mouldering in the churchyard, but the notch on the oak tree remains still; it is indeed plainer than ever, for as the tree has grown, the cuts in the bark have opened wider and wider. Many who sit on the stile, fix their eyes on the notch, and know not what it means; but I, who do know, never gaze upon it without thinking of Michael Blake and his pocket Bible.



## GELLERT'S TESTIMONY.

GELLERT, whose life and death jointly prove that he enjoyed true religion, in his writings, warns, with all the candid and tender zeal of a father, all the young persons who had been entrusted to his instructions, against contempt of religion. He recommended the Bible to them as the treasure of all wisdom and knowledge, which alone can render them virtuous and happy, as the source of all true contentment and of the highest comfort in life and death. He told them, "Strive, with the profoundest reverence and grateful praise, to become acquainted with revelation as the greatest display of benevolence, which God since the creation has made to man."

In regard to himself he has made this sincere confession:—

I have lived fifty years, and have enjoyed many pleasures of life. None have been more durable, innocent



and salutary to me, than those which my heart, under the genial restraints of religion, has sought and enjoyed according to its advice. This I testify on my conscience. I have lived fifty years, and have experienced many difficulties of life, and no where have I found more light amid darkness, more strength, comfort and encouragement under sufferings, than in the source of religion. This I testify on my conscience. I have lived fifty years, and have been more than once on the brink of the grave, and have experienced, that apart from the divine power of religion, nothing could aid in subduing the terrors of death, that nothing but a holy faith in our Saviour and Redeemer, can strengthen the timid spirit in that decisive step into eternity, or silence an accusing conscience. This I testify before God.

In his death he enjoyed that peace of soul in a superior degree which is imparted by Christianity. During his life he had often feared that it might be difficult for him to overcome the terrors of death. But when his end drew near, his apprehensions subsided. His soul was composed and full of joy in relation to the glory he anticipated, so that he even comforted his friends, who were

manifesting their distress for his sickness and approaching death. He prayed with ardent devotion and evident joy. He remembered all the peculiar favours which in his lifetime he had received from God, and thanked him cordially for them. He remembered all his living friends and many of his pupils, and recommended them to the protection of God in his prayer.

No reflections or words afforded him greater joy than those which presented to him the great love of the Redeemer. In his life he had prayed for all men, and especially for the distressed, that God would dispose them to seek all their wisdom, comfort, strength and happiness alone in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and through his Holy Spirit bestow upon them true faith in Jesus. This inestimable blessing he experienced himself on his death-bed. The doctrines and promises of Jesus Christ comforted and consoled him in his last painful illness. To one of his friends he said: "This is a saying worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This, my dear friend, is my dying confession." With joy beaming from his countenance, he continued:

"I have experienced mercy! This is also the confession of faith upon which I live and die;" after which he broke forth into a loud and affecting song of praise for his mercy. He received the Lord's supper with lively emotions of faith and love to God. He joyfully summoned those who were present to unite with him to edify themselves—with him to magnify the glory of the divine mercy. At the same time he repeatedly assured them that he never so powerfully realized the overwhelming influence and sweetness of the promises of the gospel, as he did at that moment, and that he now only could properly compassionate those who did not seek their consolation in the merits of the divine Redeemer.

His illness became daily more alarming, and yet he retained his patience and faith amid the most excruciating pains; he employed his thoughts with the sufferings of the Redeemer, who, as he declared, had suffered much more for his redemption; and he engaged his soul so exclusively with the glorious results of his mediatorial death, as to appear almost entirely indifferent to his own sufferings.

In his last moments he said: "I cannot conceive much more, but only repeat to me the name of my Redeemer; when I speak or hear it, I feel strength and joyfulness within me." Filled with such Christian emotions, he triumphantly fell asleep.

## ALFRED THE GREAT.

NEXT to the cultivation of his own mind, Alfred esteemed the diffusion of knowledge among his people. He did not seek to enlighten any people exclusively, but all his subjects; and in proof of this, we find in a circular of his, that he earnestly recommended the translation of "useful books into the language which we all understand; so that all the youth of England, but more especially those of gentle kind, and at ease in their circumstances, may be grounded in letters,—for they cannot profit in any pursuit until they are well able to read English." Yet all this attachment to literature grew up in a general state of the grossest ignorance. "When I took the kingdom," says Alfred, "very few on this side of the Humber, very few beyond, not one that I could recollect south of the Thames, could understand their prayers in English, or could translate a line from Latin into English. To

remedy this evil, Alfred assembled such scholars as the time afforded. Envyng their knowledge of Latin, he acquired that language in his thirty-eighth year, sufficiently to translate the only book of Saxon history then extant: he translated other works of great learning, and attempted a complete version of the Bible, the finishing of which was prevented by his early death. He enforced education by refusing to promote the uneducated, as well as by his own example. He insisted that his "ministers," or the persons whom he employed, should endeavour to obtain due knowledge; and, in case of non-compliance, he deprived them of their offices which they held. Aldermen, and mayors, and governors were forced to go to school, to them a grievous penance, rather than give up their emoluments and their command. Those who were too old to learn, or so utterly unfit for letters as to render their case hopeless, were allowed to find substitutes; a son, or a near kinsman, or failing both, a vassal, or even a slave, who was to learn in the place of his principal; and, at an advanced period of his reign, Alfred, who was called by his biographer "the truth-teller," thanked God that those who sat in the chair of the instructor were then

capable of teaching. He usually divided his time in three equal portions: one was employed in sleep and recruiting his body by diet and exercise; another in the despatch of business; a third in study and devotion; and, that he might more exactly measure the hours, he made use of burning tapers of equal length; for at the time when he lived, clocks and watches were totally unknown. And by such a regular distribution of his time, though he suffered much from illness, this heroic prince, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and by land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than many studious men, who have made literature the object of their uninterrupted industry.

The impulse given to education by Alfred did not die with him. Translations of part of the Bible were multiplied in consequence of Alfred's assiduity; and Mr. Palgrave informs us that, from this, or the Anglo-Saxon age, down to that of Wickliffe, or for nearly five centuries, we, in England, can show such a succession of versions of the Bible, in metre and in prose, as are not to be equalled among any other nation in Europe.



The rarity of books in Alfred's time ought to be mentioned among his obstacles; for he is believed to have given a very large estate for a book on a learned subject; a bargain which well accords with the maxim: "Learning is better than houses and land."

His children, eight in number, were taught the Anglo-Saxon psalms, prose and poetry. Ethelweard, his youngest son, received a sort of public education; he was committed to proper teachers, with almost all the noble children of the province, and with many of inferior ranks.

They were all assiduously instructed in Latin, in Saxon, and in writing; and when they were old and strong enough, in hunting and gymnastics. Alfred likewise founded and endowed schools so as to perpetuate the benefits of his reign in future ages. Among these were chiefly at Oxford; and it has been stated, though not proved, that he founded the University there. It is, however, more certain that the schools at Oxford decayed after Alfred's reign, and that city was burnt by the Danes in 979; and again in 1009; but sacred studies were restored, and the University re-established by a learned Englishman in the year 1133.

## BLIND ALICK.

THIS singular old man lately died at Stirling, at the age of about seventy-five years. Alick was blind from his birth, was a native of Stirling, in Scotland, and was so well acquainted with its streets and public walks, that he never, even in his old age, required a staff to direct his steps. But the most remarkable feature in Alick's character was his retentive memory, and the extreme acuteness of those senses on which the blind depend for compensating, in some measure, for the loss of sight. He had, at an early age, been supported and sent to the school of the late Mr. M'Laren, by the guildry of Stirling—the latter more perhaps with the view of keeping him out of harm's way than from the hope of his deriving any permanent advantage. But this was neither the intention of Alick, nor of his worthy teacher. At that time nothing was known of Mr. Gall's

admirable contrivance for teaching the blind to read: therefore, Mr. M'Laren adopted the only plan left to him, that of causing some one of the boys to read daily a portion of the Scriptures to Alick, beginning with the Old Testament, and reading regularly through to the end of the New Testament. By these means, and attending to the classes while reading their lessons, Alick, from his powerful memory, became in due time an admirable scholar, so far as mere recitation went. Indeed, he soon became more than a match for some of the young fellows whose duty it was to read a chapter to him; for although he delighted in the exercise himself, it was often viewed in the light of an irksome task by the boys, who, in order to get the more speedily done with their labours, frequently tried to miss portions; but this, in the course of time, was invariably discovered by Alick, who, as a punishment, caused the boys to commence anew, and read the whole chapter again; a species of chastisement which Mr. M'Laren never failed to enforce. We believe Alick continued to pursue his humble studies in this way till he grew up to manhood, and at length became so well acquainted with the books of sacred writ, that not only

could he repeat any part of Scripture, but also on any part being quoted, he could point out the chapter and verse.

For the last forty years, the greater part of Alick's time was spent in perambulating the beautiful walks which surround the town and castle. Here he might be seen occasionally exciting the wonder of strangers by his powers of memory; and also, by the extreme delicacy of his sense of feeling, which was so very acute, that he could with wonderful accuracy, tell the colour of a person's coat by passing over it with his fingers. He was also not unfrequently to be seen surrounded by a group of school-boys, busily engaged in drawing out their Bibles, and doing their best to puzzle Alick with quotations, but never without exciting their amazement at the extent of that scriptural lore which baffled their best-laid schemes to detect him in fault. The truth, however, requires it to be told, that notwithstanding all his knowledge, Alick was nowise remarkable for piety. His memory was indeed powerful, since it enabled him to quote without hesitation, as already stated, any verse either in the Old or New Testament; but we suspect that he did not seriously ponder on its import.

## RICHARD CECIL.

RICHARD CECIL, of London, when but a young man, had pursued a bold and determined career, till sunk in sin, hardening himself in infidelity, and instilling the same principles into others, there seemed no prospect of any change. His excellent mother, however, had performed her part, and still remembered that it was good not only to pray always, but not to faint or desist upon any account. At last, one night he lay contemplating the case of his mother.

"I see," said he within himself, "two unquestionable facts: first, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly repairing to her closet and her Bible: secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort, of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my

appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or ever find it. If, however, there is such a secret in religion, why may I not find it as well as my mother?" He instantly rose and began to pray, but was soon damped by recollecting, that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. Now, thought he, "this Christ I have ridiculed: He stands much in my way, and can form no part of my prayers." In utter confusion he lay down again; but, in process of time, conviction of sin continuing, his difficulties were gradually removed, his objections answered. He now listened to those admonitions of his mother which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn; yet they had fixed themselves in his heart like a barbed arrow: and though the effects were concealed from her observation, yet tears would fall from his eyes as he passed along the street, from the impression she had made on his mind. Now he would discourse with her, and hear her without outrage, which revived her hopes, especially as he then attended the public worship of God. Thus he made some progress, but felt no small difficulty in separating from his favourite connexions. Light, however, broke into his mind, till at



last he discovered that Christ Jesus, so far from "standing in the way," as he once thought, was indeed *the way, the truth, and the life*, to all who come unto God by him.

After such a change, it is not wonderful that Mr. Cecil should have written and spoken with so much pathos on the influence of the parental character. "Where parental influence does not convert," he would say, "it hampers; it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them; I was a professed infidel: but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone: I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data spoiled my jollity." Again he says, "I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself, to this day, in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of them. "Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning or calculating. God has said, that his character *shall* have influence; and so this *appointment* of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked



man. Such a man is a complete *selfist*. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their 'family'—and their 'family'—they 'must provide for their family.' Their family has no place in their real regard; they push for themselves. But God says, 'No! you think your children shall be so and so; but they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you.' The most common of all human complaints is, parents groaning under the vices of their children! *This* is all the effect of parental influence."

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

It is a subject of no ordinary pleasure to give ear to anecdotes relative to the good men who first planted the tree of Christianity in this land. The most effective missionary of modern times was George Whitefield, whose memory is still fresh in the remembrance of living persons, who in their youth listened in astonishment to the powerful utterances of truth delivered by him. I shall never forget the description given to me, by one, now perhaps in another world, of the *last* sermon Mr. Whitefield ever preached; the individual to whom I refer was then in his eighty-sixth year, but he retained a strong remembrance of the most trivial circumstances connected with that great man. "It was usual," he told me, "for Mr. Whitefield to be attended by Mr. Smith, who preached when Mr. Whitefield was unable, on account of sudden attacks of asthma." At

the time referred to, after Mr. Smith had delivered a short discourse, Mr. Whitefield seemed desirous of speaking; but from the weak state in which he then was, it was thought almost impossible. He rose from the seat in the pulpit, and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes unable to speak; he then said, "I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name." He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons, for the light generally burns most splendidly when about to expire. The subject was a contrast of the present with the future; a part of this sermon I read to a popular and learned clergyman, in New York, who could not refrain from weeping when I repeated the following—"I go, I go, to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and by aid from heaven, given light to many: 'tis now about to set for ever—No, it cannot be! 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory; I

have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven: many shall live when this body is no more, but then—Oh, thought divine! I shall be in a world, where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands; how willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ, but I die to be with Him; how brief, comparatively brief, has been my life compared with the vast labours which I see before me yet to be accomplished; but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you.” These and many other things he said, which, though simple, were rendered important, by circumstances; for death had let fly his arrow, and the shaft was deep infixed when utterance was given to them; his countenance, his tremulous voice, his debilitated frame, all gave convincing evidence that the eye that saw him should shortly see him no more for ever. One day and a half after this, he was numbered amongst the dead. When I visited the place where he is entombed, Newburyport, I could not help saying, the memory of the just *is* blessed; few are there like George Whitefield, however zealous; they do not possess the masterly power, and those who do, too often turn it to a purpose that does not glorify God.

## ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE YOUNG.

MR. FARRADAY, now aged forty-two, at the head of one of the noblest of the sciences, honoured as the compeer of Cuvier, Laplace, and Buckland, was the son of a poor blacksmith, and was apprenticed at nine years of age, to a bookbinder in Blandford street, and earned his bread by that calling until he was twenty-two! Mr. McGrath, now secretary to the Athenæum, happening five-and-twenty years ago, to enter the shop of Ribeau, observed one of the men zealously studying the book he ought to have been binding. He approached—it was a volume of an Encyclopedia, open at “Electricity.” He entered into conversation with the journeyman, and was astonished to find him a self-taught chemist of no slender dimensions. He presented him with a set of tickets for Davy’s Lectures at the Royal Institution; and daily, thereafter, might he be seen, pen in hand, just over the clock, opposite the chair.









At last the course terminated; but Farraday's spirit had received a new impulse, which nothing but dire necessity could have restrained; and from that he was saved by the promptitude with which, on his forwarding a modest outline of his history, with the notes of these lectures, to Davy, that great and good man rushed to the rescue of kindred genius. Sir Humphrey immediately appointed him an assistant in the laboratory; and after two or three years had passed, he found Farraday qualified to act as his secretary. The steps of his subsequent progress are well known; he travelled over the continent with Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy, and he is now what Davy was when he first saw Davy.

## JOHN BROWN, OF PRIESTHILL.

## A SCOTTISH MARTYR.

ONE day, when driven from his home, in times of persecution, he fled for refuge, to a deep ravine, or moss hag, that had been formed by the current of a water spout, carrying shrubs, soil, moss and all before it, to the dale land beneath, leaving a frightful chasm, amidst a vast field of heath. Its deep mossy sides made it inaccessible to strangers: only the neighbouring husbandmen knew where the brakens hid the rocks, whose shelvy sides conducted to the bottom. In the sides of this natural alley were dens and caves, sufficient to hide a large company. In one of these Priesthill intended to spend the day in prayer; and had begun to pour out his soul, in the words of Lamentations iii. 40, &c., when a sweet sound reached his ear, that seemed to proceed from another part of the place.





At first it was in a soft under voice, as if afraid to be heard; but soon arose above all fear, joined with others; and he heard a Psalm distinctly sung.

“It is the hallowed sound of praising God; and by some fellow sufferers,” said John Brown, as he arose from his knees to search them out. And to his no small joy, he found David and William Steel, his neighbours; and Joseph Wilson, from Lesmahago, in the cleft of a rock that jutted half way into the ravine. The Steels had a narrow escape the day before this. And it was to avoid such harassing that they now fled to the ravine. Nor did they flee in vain. They found, to their sweet experience, this dreary waste a Bethel; and in their harassings and hidings, as it was with Moses on the mount, they felt nearest God when farthest from creature comforts. All day they read God’s word and prayed by turns; and during the dark and silent watches of the night by turns they prayed and praised.

The seventy-fourth Psalm was deeply imprinted on their memories, from its being remarkably descriptive of their situation. The whole of it was sung about midnight; and while the wind carried the sound to the dale land below,

faith carried the matter up to heaven. They felt a peace that made them loath to part. Every one was sensible that the presence of God had been with them. And in this spirit these poor hunted saints spent the time till morning dawned, and the lark rose above their heads, joining his note with their's, in praise to God for the light of another day.

William Steel, who escaped death from the persecutors, and lived many years after the revolution, said often, if ever there was a time in his life that he would wish to enjoy over again, it was especially that day and night he spent in the moss hag. They all thought it would be their last meeting on earth. He was the first that ascended from the ravine, to look if the enemy were in view; and it being a clear morning, and no person in sight, they all followed, and were standing to consult on the separate paths they would take home, to prevent them from being seen, when they were struck silent by a voice, sweeter than any thing they had ever heard, passing over the ravine, singing these words:—

Oh! let the prisoner's sighs ascend  
Before thy sight on high;



Preserve those by thy mighty power,  
That are ordained to die.

And again, while they stood silent, another voice sung,  
in tones of exultation ;—

Though ye have lain among the pots,  
Like doves ye shall appear,  
Whose wings with silver, and with gold,  
Whose feathers covered are.

After standing for some time, looking at one another, some of them thought they had left other worshippers in the moss hag. Others thought that the sound echoed from a greater distance. “Whoever, or wherever, the words come from, we have little concern,” said John Brown; “one thing we may take comfort from, they are God’s words to his church in affliction, and that is our situation.”

John Brown, as usual, had arisen with the dawn, and had offered up the morning sacrifice. His wife often told how remarkably the Psalm, sung that morning, tended to gird up the loins of their minds. It was Psalm xxvii. 1-4.

After worship the good man went to the hill to prepare some peat ground; the servants were also out, and en-



gaged at some distance in their wonted employments. Of a sudden Claverhouse the persecutor surrounded the helpless man with three troops of dragoons, and brought him down to his own house. He left his implements of industry with great composure, and walked down before them, more like a leader than a captive.

Meanwhile Janet had alarmed her mother, by telling her that a great many horsemen were coming down the hill with her father. "The thing that I feared is come upon me; O give me grace for this hour," said her mother, hastily taking up her boy, and wrapping him in her plaid; and taking Janet by the hand, she went out to meet her foes, praying in secret as she went.

The leisurely way of examining persons by law, in which there was some semblance of justice, was now departed from. Claverhouse simply asked John Brown, why he did not attend the curate? and if he would pray for King James. Upon hearing his answer, Claverhouse said, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die;" which command John immediately complied with, and that in such a manner as filled the troops with amazement. On his family it had a different effect. His wife,

with one child in her arms, and expecting soon to be confined, and Janet at her side, stood while he prayed "that every covenanted blessing might be poured upon her and her children, born and unborn, as one refreshed by the influence of the Holy Spirit, when he comes down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers upon the earth."

There is a light in the Christian's life that discovers the spots of the wicked, and torments them before the time. When Claverhouse could bear his prayers no longer, and had succeeded, after interrupting him twice, with the most blasphemous language, to raise him from his knees, John Brown said to his wife—"Isabel, this is the day I told you of before we were married;" and added, with his usual kindness, "you see me summoned to appear, in a few minutes, before the court of heaven, as a witness in our Redeemer's cause, against the ruler of Scotland. Are you willing that I should part from you?" "Heartily willing," said she, in a voice that bespoke her regard for her husband, and her submission to the Lord, even when he called her to bow before his terrible things. "That is all I wait for: O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where will be thy victory?" said John Brown, while he ten-

derly laid his arms around her, kissed her and his little boy, and lastly Janet; saying to her, "My sweet bairn, give your hand to God as your guide; and be your mother's comfort." He could add no more; a tide of tenderness overflowed his heart. At last he uttered these words: "Blessed be thou, O Holy Spirit! that speaketh more comfort to my heart than the voice of my oppressors can speak terror to my ears!" Thus, when the Lord brought his witness to be tried, he discovered a magnanimity, which, as he fell, conquered his persecutors.

"If, in the Christian's life, there is a light that discovers the spots of the wicked, so, in the martyr's heroic grappling with death, there is a *heat* that scorches them past enduring. It was doubtless under this feeling that Claverhouse ordered six of his dragoons to shoot him, ere the last words were out of his mouth; but his prayers and conduct had disarmed them from performing such a savage action. They stood motionless. Fearing for their mutiny, Claverhouse snatched a pistol from his own belt, and shot him through the head. And while his troops shrunk from the awful scene, he, like a beast of prey that tramples and howls over a fallen victim, insulted the

tender hearted wife, while she gathered up the shattered head, by taunting jeers. ‘What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?’ ‘I ever thought mickle good of him,’ said she, ‘and now more than ever.’ He seeing her courage, said, ‘it would be but justice to lay thee beside him.’ She replied, ‘if ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty could go that length; but how will you answer for this morning’s work?’ With a countenance that belied his words, he answered, ‘To men I *can* be answerable, and as for God, I will take *him* in my own hands.’ Thus saying, he hastily put spurs to his horse, and left her with the corpse. She tied up his head with her napkin, composed his body, covered it with her plaid, and when she had nothing further to do, or contend with, she sat down on the ground, drew her children to her, and wept over her mangled husband.”

## HOWARD'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

ALL our readers have heard of the celebrated philanthropist Howard, most of them are aware of his unparalleled exertions to improve the state of the prisons in Great Britain and Ireland, and of his many journeys, not only to all parts of the two islands, but to every country in Europe. Exposed, as Howard necessarily was, to numerous causes of disease, from fatiguing exertions, changes of climate, visiting the close dungeon with its often horribly impure and deteriorated air, his system of living cannot be without interest as an example and encouragement to others.

His medical attendants considering his constitution much inclined to consumption, put him upon a very rigorous regimen, which is said by one of his biographers to have laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate,

which ever after so much distinguished him. We wish much, that parents who have the health of their children at heart, (and we are sorry to say that many seem to have no thought on the subject,) would meditate well on this passage. Similar experience can, we know, be furnished in the cases of other invalids, and also of children, who, by long pursuing a simple regimen, lost all relish for stimulating food, made dishes, condiments, &c.

About the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year of his age, Howard was attacked by a fit of the gout, so severe as to confine him to his room for six months. Many persons in his situation, even at the present day, would think this a necessary evil, to which they could only oppose patience and flannel, with certain cordials, and a little generous wine to keep the enemy from the stomach. It is by absurdities of this kind, sanctioned, on occasions, by physicians, that gout becomes so formidable a disease. Under a suitable treatment, at first medical and afterwards dietetic, it is as readily cured and kept away as many other maladies, the approach of which excite but little fears for their progress or result. Howard adopted the only plan by which he could promise himself, with any prospect of



success, immunity from future attacks. He made a resolution never again to drink wine, or spirituous liquors of any kind; a resolution he most scrupulously kept to the day of his death.

A temperate man requires less sleep and can bear more fatigue than one who indulges his appetite by eating much animal food, with rich sauces, and drinking distilled and fermented liquors. One, among the many illustrations of this fact, is in the mode of living pursued by Howard, while he was preparing his work (in 1777) on the prisons which he had visited during the preceding three years:

“For the purpose of being near the scene of his labours in superintending the progress of his work, he took lodgings in a house close to his printer's shop; and so indefatigable was he in his attention to the business which had fixed his temporary abode there, that, during a very severe winter, he was always called up by two in the morning, though he did not retire to rest until ten, and sometimes half past ten at night. His reason for this early rising was that he found the morning the stillest part of the day, and that in which he was the least dis-



turbed in his work of revising the sheets as they came from the press. At seven he regularly dressed for the day, and had his breakfast; when, punctually at eight, he repaired to the printing office, and remained there until the workmen went to dinner, at one, when he returned to his lodgings, and, putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town, during their absence, eating as he walked along, his hermit fare; which, with a glass of water on his return, was the only dinner he ever took. After his walk, when he had returned to the printing office, he generally remained there until the men left work; and then, I am informed, repaired to Mr. Aikin's house, to go through with him any sheets which might have been composed during the day; or if there were nothing upon which he wished to consult him, would either spend an hour with some other friend, or return to his own lodgings, where he took his tea or coffee in lieu of supper, and at his usual hour retired to bed."

He adhered, when on his tours of inspection and inquiry, to the same simple regimen:

"In his earlier tours through England, Scotland and

Ireland, he was usually attended by his faithful domestic, John Prole, who still occasionally acted as his groom. They travelled on horseback, about forty miles a day. 'He was never,' says a gentleman of Dublin, who had much free conversation with him on the subject, 'at a loss for an inn. When in Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stuck up a rag by way of a sign, and get a little milk. When he came to a town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller, but made his man attend him, and take it away, whilst he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postillions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying, that in a journey which might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds addition was not worth thinking about.'"

"In the various tours in the course of the years 1778-9, he adopted the same mode of travelling as he had done upon his former tours, still ordering his meals and wine, as any other traveller would do, at the inns where he stopped, but directing his servant to take them away as

soon as they were brought in, and to give what he himself did not eat and drink to the waiter. But on the continent he performed the greater part of his journeys in a German chaise, which he had purchased for the purpose, never stopping on the road to change horses, until he came to the town he meant to visit; travelling, if necessary to the effecting his purpose, the whole of the day; and sleeping, from habit, as well in his vehicle as in a bed. He always carried with him a small brass tea-kettle, a tea-pot, some cups and saucers, a supply of green tea, a pot of sweetmeats, and a few of the best loaves of bread the country through which he passed could furnish. At the post-house he would get some boiling water, and where it was to be procured, some milk, and make his humble repast, while his man went to supply himself with more substantial food at the *auberge*."

The experience of Mr. Howard, as to the best means of avoiding pestilential fevers, is coincident with that of all sensible observers and writers on the subject. His preventives are as applicable to the cholera as they were to the typhus or jail fever of England, and the plague of Turkey and Egypt. "I have frequently been

asked," says this distinguished philanthropist, "what precautions I use to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer once for all, that next to the *free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being*, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in *Divine Providence*, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, '*I fear no evil.*' I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room I seldom draw my breath deeply."

## PHILOSOPHY.



## PHILOSOPHY.

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### WONDERFUL MECHANISM OF THE LOBSTER.

THE lobster is among the most remarkable of animals; I shall not attempt to describe it, but I recommend to you to examine attentively the first you see. Observe its pedunculated eyes, its long and numerously jointed horns or antennæ, the additional pair of smaller horns, each bifid, or divided into two; the jaws, the serrated snout, the difference between its two larger claws, and, above all, the arrangement and articulation of the plates which cover what is usually called the tail. These moveable plates are joined together by a most admirable mechanism, which you must examine yourself, for I shall not attempt to describe it. But what is this mechanism for? You know there must be a design in it; what is the design?



Why has a lobster this disposition of parts more than a crab? These questions I shall attempt to answer; but, from the imperfection of our knowledge of the history and manners of the animal, cannot do so to the full extent that I would wish. The muscles, then, which act upon these moveable plates, have prodigious power, and by one sudden contraction they will cause the lobster to fly backwards with the velocity of an arrow. This forms its means of escape from its enemies. When, while it is in search of food, at a considerable distance from the hole or cleft which it inhabits in the rock, if any cause of alarm occurs, it immediately expands the plates which form the true tail, and then, contracting the muscles, the tail is brought downwards and forwards with immense force, is flapped up against the lower part of the body, and from the impulse thus given, the animal darts backwards with extraordinary swiftness, and will thus throw itself into its retreat, though the latter may be barely wide enough to admit of its entrance. The repeated relaxation and contraction of these muscles, operating on the tail-plates, must make the lobster move backwards with inconceivable rapidity, and, in fact, when employing

this species of motion, the eye can scarcely follow it: it passes like a flash. When you have examined the wonderful workmanship which even the shell of the lobster exhibits, consider what an astonishing production the whole animal is. Without a knowledge, however, of the general anatomy, you cannot have adequate conceptions on this head; keep, therefore, to the structure of the shell, and reflect on the mighty power which, with such ease, produces an object of so elaborate and complicated a mechanism. A female lobster will lay from twelve to twenty thousand eggs, and each of these, if undisturbed, would grow to be as perfect as the parents. Think of the time, the labour, the ingenuity which would be required to make even an imperfect resemblance of it in wood or any other material; of the number and variety of the joints: of the perfect adaptation of the different parts to each other; but it is too complicated for me to mention all the wonders of its formation. The egg of a lobster is not larger than this letter (o.) How strange that such an atom should have the power of becoming evolved into so complex, so strange, so admirable a piece of work as the lobster itself! But I must not conceal, that, to most persons, this animal

has a very uncouth appearance, which is chiefly owing, I suppose, to the apparently disproportionate size of its large claws. One indeed, would think, that these would be difficult to manage: they have the appearance of an incumbrance, rather than of a useful and well-contrived appendage; but you are sufficiently satisfied, I presume, that, notwithstanding appearances, the works of creation are all perfect in their kind. I have a very confined knowledge of the manners and mode of living of the lobster, but I have little doubt, that, could I see it in full action in its native element, I would have a very different view from what it presents at the fish-monger's stall; and I am satisfied, that, in that situation, the claws would seem any thing but an incumbrance. On examining the nippers of the larger claws, you will find their margin knobbed or tuberculated, while the margins of those of the smaller are toothed or serrated. Mr. Travis says, in the *British Zoology*, that, "with the former, it keeps firm hold of the stalk of the submarine plants, and with the latter, it cuts and minces its food very dexterously." It is known, that the lobster is very voracious, and also omniverous; and it may, perhaps, be in a certain degree, compared to the

vulture among birds, as it is a kind of scavenger for clearing away putrified substances. It seems even to prefer flesh in a state of corruption to that which is fresh. Mr. Montague states, in the second volume of the "Wernerian Transactions," that "immense quantities of the eggs of fishes are destroyed as bait for catching crabs; that, perhaps, not less than forty tons are brought ashore in one season, at the small village of Norcross, on the south coast of Devonshire; and that the reason of this vast consumption is, that the crabs will not enter the pots when the bait is in the least degree tainted." "Lobsters," he remarks, "cannot be taken but by bait in a state of putridity." The great size of the claws may then be requisite for tearing the flesh of carcasses, and we know that the force which they exert is immense. May it not also be that, when the lobster makes its spring backwards, the length of lever of the claws, combined with their weight, will serve as a counterbalance to the impulse given by the tail, and prevent the animal being thrown over on its back?

## THE CEYLON LEECH.

THERE is an animal in Ceylon, less dreaded than the snakes, but much more troublesome, and the cause of the loss of more lives than all the rest. I allude to the leech.

This animal varies much in its dimensions. The largest are seldom more than half an inch long, in a state of rest; the smallest are minute indeed. It is broadest behind, and tapers towards the forepart; above it is roundish; below, flat. Its colour varies from brown to light brown; it is more generally the latter, and rarely dark brown. It is marked with three longitudinal light yellow lines, extending from one extremity to the other; one dorsal and central; the others lateral. The substance of the animal is nearly semi-transparent; and, in consequence, its internal structure may be seen pretty distinctly.

This leech is a very active animal. It moves with considerable rapidity; and it is said occasionally to spring.

Its powers of contraction and extension are very great. When fully extended, it is like a fine cord; and its point is so sharp, that it readily makes its way through very small openings. It is supposed to have an acute sense of smelling; for no sooner does a person stop where leeches abound than they appear to crowd eagerly to the spot from all quarters.

The animal is peculiar to those parts of Ceylon which are subject to frequent showers; and is, therefore, unknown to those districts which have a long dry season. It is most abundant among the mountains; not on the highest ranges, where the temperature appears to be too low for it, but on those which do not exceed two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It delights in shady damp places, and is to be seen on moist leaves and stones, more frequently than in water. In dry weather it retires into the close damp jungle; and only in rainy weather quits its cover, and infests the pathways and open parts of the country.

Those who have had no experience of these animals; of their immense numbers in their favourite haunts; of their activity, keen appetite, and love of blood, can have



no idea of the kind and extent of annoyance they are to travellers in the interior of the island, of which they may be truly said to be the plague. In rainy weather it is almost shocking to see the legs of men, on a long march, thickly beset with them gorged with blood, and the blood trickling down in streams. It might be supposed that there would be little difficulty in keeping them off; but this is a very mistaken notion, for they crowd to the attack, and fasten on, quicker than they can be removed. I do not exaggerate when I say, that I have occasionally seen at least fifty of them on a person at a time.

Their bites too are much more troublesome than could be imagined, being very apt to fester, and become sores; and, in persons of a bad habit of body, to degenerate into extensive ulcers, which, in too many instances, have occasioned the loss of limb, and even of life.

The instant the leech fastens on, an acute pain is generally felt, like that produced by the bite of a medicinal leech. A few hours after the bite, the surrounding skin becomes slightly inflamed; and itching of a very tormenting kind commonly occurs, producing such a desire to scratch, that few persons have resolution to desist, though



well aware of its aggravating effect. This itching may continue several days, till the wound has either healed or ulcerated.

The only way to defend the skin from them entirely is to wear a particular kind of dress. Half boots and tight pantaloons, or short boots and long loose trousers tucked into the boot, or trousers and stocking of one piece, will answer pretty well. It was natural to suppose that the same end might be attained by the use of applications to the skin disagreeable to the leech. Trial has been made of a great variety. Those which seemed to have the best effect were oil, particularly castor oil, the infusion of tobacco, lime-juice, and the infusion of any astringent bark, of which there are several kinds in the woods of the interior. One or other of these has often been employed with advantage; but, unfortunately, none of them are effectual when their aid is most required: as on long marches, in rainy weather, through a country abounding in streams, without bridges, and covered with jungle penetrated merely by pathways: under such circumstances, even oily applications are soon rubbed and washed off, and the limbs left defenceless. The treatment of leech-bites that

is the most successful in preventing bad consequences, is simple and easily practised. The limbs, immediately on arriving at the end of a journey, should be bathed in hot water; and the bathing should be repeated twice a day till the wounds are healed. When, from neglect, or bad habit of body, the bites ulcerate, surgical treatment is required, in which the stimulating plan is found to succeed much better than the emollient.

## THE SUN.

THIS immense orb is about 95 millions of miles from the earth. Its diameter has been estimated at 883,146 English or common miles; its circumference, of course, is 2,774,799, and its surface contains nearly 2,450,830,245, 547 square miles; or more than 12,200 times as many as the surface of the earth. If we should imagine, as some have done, that the sun is a habitable globe; and allow it to be as thickly peopled as the world we live in, it must contain at least 8,570,000,000,000 inhabitants; equal to the population of about 25,000 empires like China, or 650,000 such countries as the United States.

These calculations are startling, but there are others which are scarcely less so. The size of the sun, as above stated, is pretty well known, nor can there be room for any considerable mistake about the size of the planets. Its diameter is 111 times greater than that of the earth,

and its magnitude 1,300,000 greater. It is even many times greater than the combined mass of all the planets.

To illustrate more fully the comparative magnitude of the earth and sun, let us suppose that as many earths as would equal the sun in bulk were laid together, side by side, in a circle in close contact. They would fill a circumference more than eighteen times as great as the earth's orbit, and nearly equal to the orbit of Herschel, the most distant planet yet known in our system! If these globes were placed in close contact, instead of in a single ring as above, they would fill a circle of nearly ten millions of miles in diameter!

Such is the general brilliance of the sun, that for many ages its surface was supposed to be one uniform and uninterrupted blaze of light. But when we view it with a telescope of even moderate magnifying power, furnished with a piece of dark or smoked glass, to interrupt a portion of its rays, we perceive, occasionally, a number of dark spots upon its surface, of various magnitudes and forms. These are sometimes so large as to be distinguishable by the naked eye.

From the invention of telescopes, in the year 1690, to

the present time, such spots have been frequently observed on the face of the sun, sometimes only a few together, or perhaps one alone. It should be observed that there are bright spots observable, as well as dark ones. All these spots, as they vary in number, vary considerably in size. Sometimes they can hardly be seen; at others they are so large as to exceed, in size, the whole earth. Still they are rarely large enough to be distinguished without the aid of a telescope.

There has been much speculation about the nature of these spots. From their great changes in size, shape, &c., some have supposed they were dissolved from time to time and afterward formed anew. Others that they are a kind of cloud; and, if they were so, the sun must have an atmosphere. Those who believed the sun to be an immense body of liquid fire, supposed that the spots were the eminences of large masses of thick matter, sometimes bright and sometimes dark, which by the irregular agitation of the fluids, sometimes swim upon the surface, and at other times sink and disappear.

Dr. Herschel viewed the subject differently. He supposed the sun to be a solid body, with mountains and

valleys like our earth, but larger, in about the same proportion as the sun's size exceeds that of the earth; that it is surrounded by a lucid atmosphere, by the decomposition of which light is emitted; that this atmosphere is sometimes so transparent in certain places, as to allow the body of the sun to be seen through it; that a dark spot in the sun is a part of its surface thus perceived; and that the *bright* spots are more copious mixtures of such fluids as decompose each other. In other words, he thought that some, at least, of the dark spots, are nothing but the projections of mountains above the surface of the shining fluid, and the bright spots, elevated parts of the sun, on which luminous matter is condensed.

He supposed also that the rays of the sun are by no means hot in themselves, but only produce heat by acting on other substances. In short, he believed the sun to be a great central planet, formed of similar materials to those which compose the rest of the system; and that it is even peopled with inhabitants of some sort or other. It is said, however, that Dr. Herschel entertained different views on this point, at different periods of his life.

Sometimes a very singular appearance attends the sun,

just before or just after sunset, especially in the beginning of March. It is called the zodiacal light. It is of a whitish colour, but so faint and thin, that stars may be seen through it. The shape of this light spot is that of a cone, with its base towards the sun; the top reaching from 45 to 125 degrees above him. In the torrid zone, this light is almost constantly visible. Its cause is unknown.



## THE MECHANIC'S PLEASURES.

THERE is a shop near my lodgings—and I never yet saw a shop in which there was not something to be learned. Without going so far as to state, what I believe firmly, that, to the industrious man, *labour is pleasure*, I beg leave to introduce ARTHUR KIP. This young man is a plain cooper, and lives on the extremity of a street which I pass daily. He is in his shop as early as his earliest neighbour, yet I sometimes see him busy a good half hour before he is in his shop. What is Arthur about in the gray of the morning? I will tell you. He has been setting out rows of elms around the whole border of his little lot. For you must know, that he is content to live in a very uncomfortable house, in order to forward his business, and prepare his grounds, so as to “make a fair start,” as he calls it. He has told me that he was induced to do this by a maxim of an ancient king, “Pre-

pare thy work *without*, and make it fit for thyself in the field, and *afterwards build thy house.*" It does one good to see Arthur among his trees; he sings cheerily over his spade and hatchet, long before the sun is up. "These saplings," says he, "will be noble branching trees, over the heads of my children; and if little Tom should be a rich man thirty years hence, he will have a grove which all the money of the aristocrats in England could not cause to spring up."

Arthur has a garden also. His rule is, "first for *use*; next for *show*." So he has most of his ground in substantial vegetables for the table; but a very goodly portion, I assure you, in choice flowers. Why should he not? God has given the poor man these gems of the earth with a bounteous profusion; and Ellen Kip and little Tom will love Arthur and one another all the better for dwelling among the lustre and fragrance of tulips and violets.

In these bright spring evenings, I take a walk about the time that this little household comes together after work. No tavern has yet become Ellen's rival; her husband spends not only his nights, but his evenings, *at home*. Or, if he goes abroad, it is in the old fashioned way: I mean

he takes his wife and his boy along. At this hour I am always sure of witnessing another of the mechanic's pleasures. Arthur and Ellen are natives of a state where young folks are taught to sing: they have already begun to bring up little Tom in the same way. They carry a tune in several parts; for Arthur is no mean performer on the violin, and Ellen sings a soprano part to her husband's bass. The neighbours are beginning to find their way out, since the spring weather has unclosed doors and windows, and there are some signs of a little musical association.

Some of the best musical talent in America is among our mechanics; and it is sad that they are so slow to discover the exquisite satisfaction which they might derive from this innocent recreation. It soothes the troubled mind; it breaks the thread of vexing thoughts; it prepares the affections for every good impression; it affords a healthful excitement: it knits families together by the gentlest bands; and it makes a paradise of *home*.

What mechanic is there who may not command these pleasures? What pleasures of the bar-room, the circus, the gaming-table, the theatre, are equal to these in purity

and genuine content? I am sure I shall have the right answer—if not from mechanics, at least from their wives.

GEORGE BROWN is a shoemaker in this village. He grew up from a pale apprentice into a still paler journeyman, with little prospect of long life. After being several times very low with coughs, he was supposed to have fallen into a consumption; and when I came to inquire into the case, I found that the physician had ordered him to seek a southern climate. It was not until the spring of 1835, when Brown returned from New Orleans, florid and robust, that I discovered what it was that had impaired his health. The fact was, he had become a great reader, and had most imprudently sat up a third part of his nights, studying such books as he could beg, borrow, or buy.

Those who have acquired no taste for learning will not believe me when I say that there is scarcely a passion felt by man which is more powerful than the *thirst for knowledge*. It has slain its thousands; and it came near slaying George Brown. Why do I mention this? Certainly not to lead any promising apprentice into the like

snare; but simply to show, that those mistake egregiously who think there is no pleasure in reading and study.

George Brown loved knowledge as much as ever on his return from a residence of two years in the south: but he had learned wisdom from experience. I have a little collection of good books, and by frequent lending, I have gained George's confidence. He let me into his plans. He now works with a thriving boot-maker, and is said to be one of his best hands; and he is as different from his fellows in the shop, as young Ben Franklin was from his fellow printers. Wherein are they unlike? Not in mere labour, for George's hammer, awl, and lapstone are plied as briskly as their's; the difference is all out of shop. While they are careering through the streets, arm in arm, puffing tobacco smoke, smiting the pavement with their cudgels; or even worse, hanging about tavern-doors, or doing over-work in the nine-pin alley, George Brown is dividing his spare time between two things, *reading* and *recreation*.

In summer he takes a good long walk, or he strays along the river bank, or he joins a party of quiet friends, until he feels the labour of the day to be half forgotten.

Then, after a thorough cold bath, which he learned in the south to be worth more than a whole medicine chest, he sits down to his books. True he never gets more than an hour a day for reading, and often not ten minutes; but what of that? "Does not the jeweller," says he, "save the smallest filings of his gold? *Time is gold*. Every little helps. Constant dropping wears away rocks. Take care of the minutes; the hours will take care of themselves. Never throw away an instant." These are maxims which he has laid up for life. And the young man who acts on these will never fail to be a scholar.

George Brown is as happy as the day is long. Being the best reader in the shop, he is, by common consent, permitted to read aloud from the newspaper and the Penny Magazine. The boys will laugh at him for a book-worm, and a parson, and so forth; but George smiles knowingly, and says, "Let them laugh that win!" While he labours with his hands, he is often turning over in his mind what he has read the night before. Some of his evenings are spent in taking lessons from an accomplished gentleman who instructs a class of young men; and



others in hearing philosophical lectures at a neighbouring Lyceum.

He has not a novel or a play-book on his shelves. He is fond of history and travels: and books are now so cheap that he has more than fifty volumes. He showed me Plutarch's Lives; Josephus; Ramsay's United States; McIntosh's England; Edward's Lives of Self-taught Men; the Library of Entertaining Knowledge; the Rambler; the Spectator; Milton, Thomson, Cowper, and Wordsworth; and others of which I do not remember the titles.

Here is another of the mechanic's pleasures. And I am sure all who ever tried it, will agree that it is the best of the three. It lies invitingly open to every young man who is willing to enjoy it. These fruits hang near the ground; if the tree is hard to climb, it is only until you reach the first boughs. Young mechanics! take a friend's advice, and TRY.



REMARKABLE PARTICULARS OF AN  
ENORMOUS CONDOR.

*Shot by Chas. Temple, Esq. in his Travels in Peru.*

“IN the course of the day I had an opportunity of shooting a *Condor*. It was so satiated with its repast on the carcass of a horse, as to suffer me to approach within pistol-shot before it extended its enormous wings to take flight, which was to me the signal to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last convulsive struggles of life! It may be difficult to believe that the most gigantic animal which inhabits the earth or the ocean can be equalled in size by a tenant of the air: and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read

with astonishment of a species of that same bird in the southern hemisphere, being so large and strong as to seize an ox with its talons and to lift it into the air, whence he lets it fall to the ground in order to kill it, and to prey upon the carcass. But this astonishment must in a degree subside when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I insert *verbatim* from a note taken down with my own hand.

“When the wings are spread they measure sixteen paces (forty feet) in extent from point to point. The feathers are eight paces (twenty feet) in length. The quill part, two palms (eight inches) in circumference.

“It is said to have powers sufficient to carry off a live rhinoceros.”

*Note.*—This is by far the largest bird known, and the one described by Mr. Temple the largest we ever read of. It is known as the *Gryphus*. One was shot in France in 1719, whose extent of wing was eighteen feet. A quill feather of one brought from Chili measured twelve feet four inches; extent of wing sixteen feet; diameter of quill half an inch. Some sailors shot it in 1691 and made a

meal of it. In Hawkesworth's Voyages, a Condor, shot off Penguin Island, is thus described:—"The head resembled that of an eagle, except that it had a large comb on it. Round the neck it had a white ruff exactly resembling a lady's tippet. The feathers on the back as black as jet, and bright as the finest polish of jet. The legs very strong and large; talons like the eagle, but not so sharp, and the wings extended twelve feet."

The Condors make their nests among the most inaccessible rocks, and lay two eggs of a larger size than those of the turkey. They are very destructive to sheep, and will in troops attempt calves, whose eyes they first pick out, while others attack them on all sides, and soon tear the poor animal in pieces.

## MORTALITY OF MAN.

ACCORDING to the most accurate calculation, an astronomical year contains 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds. Suppose one individual to die every second, then you have 60 every minute, 300 every five minutes, 3,600 every hour, 86,400 every day, and 31,556, 928 every year; and in 30 years 946,707,840. As this last number is about equal to the present population of the earth; and as thirty years is known to be about the period of one generation, it seems probable that one death every second is about as accurate a calculation of human mortality as can be made. It seems probable also, that taking all the earth together, there is a general uniformity in the doings of death. In particular places at different times, the movements of this destroyer are like the rivulet, now rushing down the mountain's side; then moving sluggishly along the plain below; but taking

all the world together, he resembles the deep and broad river, constantly pursuing its resistless way to the bosom of the ocean. Looking over any definite period of time, say the intervening years between the death of Christ and the present moment, we should not find an hour, not probably a minute, unstained with human blood. The hour, since we commenced these calculations, we have sufficient reason to believe, has witnessed the departure to the world of spirits of not less than 3,600 human beings; and even the single minute since the reader commenced the article has carried off 60, and if, perchance, he has been two minutes reading thus far, 120 deathless spirits have gone to their account; and should he pause three minutes more, to wonder or to weep, the number will have swelled to 300.

## EXTREME DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

IN the manufacture of embroidery it is necessary to obtain very fine gilt silver threads. To accomplish this, a cylindrical bar of silver, weighing 360 ounces, is covered with about two ounces of gold. This gilt bar is then wire-drawn, until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3,400 feet of it weigh less than an ounce. The wire is then flattened by passing it between rollers under a severe pressure, a process which increases its length, so that about 4000 feet shall weigh one ounce. Hence, one foot will weigh the 4000th part of an ounce. The proportion of the gold to the silver in the original bar was that of 2 to 360, or 1 to 180. Since the same proportion is preserved after the bar has been wire-drawn, it follows that the quantity of gold which covers one foot of the fine wire is the 180th part of the 4000th of an ounce; that is, the 720,000th part of an ounce.

The quantity of gold which covers one inch of this wire will be twelve times less than that which covers one foot. Hence, this quantity will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into 100 equal parts, every part will be distinctly visible without the aid of microscopes. The gold which covers this small but visible portion is the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we may proceed even further: this portion of the wire may be viewed by a microscope which magnifies 500 times, so that the 500th part of it will thus become visible. In this manner, therefore, an ounce of gold may be divided into 432,000,000,000 parts. Each of these parts will possess all the characters and qualities which are found in the largest masses of the metal. It retains its solidity, texture, and colour; it resists the same agents, and enters into combination with the same substances. If the gilt wire be dipped in nitric acid, the silver within the coating will be dissolved, but the hollow tube of gold which surrounded it will still cohere and remain suspended.





## ANECDOTES.



## ANECDOTES.

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### GREAT EFFECTS FROM SMALL CAUSES.

IN the winter of 1799, a few young men, in Philadelphia, were in the habit of assembling on evenings, for the purpose of social conversation; and, at one of their meetings, the idea was started that they might employ their time very beneficially in teaching, gratuitously, children of the poor, who had no means of obtaining the rudiments of an English education. The idea was approved, and a plan immediately adopted. A little band consisting, perhaps, of not more than nine, apprentices, clerks, and young men just commencing business, was formed, and, under the style of "The Philadelphia Society for the free Instruction of Indigent Boys," commenced its labours. A night school was opened, in which the teachers alter-

nately officiated in weekly classes, and instructed between twenty and thirty scholars in the ordinary branches of English education. Their total revenue during the first season, it appears, was only sixteen dollars thirty-seven cents, derived from their own contributions: their expenditures, nine dollars twenty-seven cents: evincing an extraordinary exercise of economy, and close devotion of their time and talents to the object of their association.

In the succeeding year, the society was enlarged; and the calls for more extensive usefulness became so urgent, that in June 1801, it was unanimously resolved to open a day school, although the contemplated expense would subject the members to the payment of one dollar per month; and this sum was actually levied, and for some time collected.

The constitution of the society was then new modelled, and the style altered to "The Philadelphia Society for the Establishment and Support of Charity Schools." A rapid and continual influx of members, induced the society to desire an act of incorporation, the accomplishment of which was hastened by an event as unexpected as it was animating. While the founders of this institution, unob-

served by the world, without any resources but their personal labour and contributions, were arranging a plan for the establishment of a charity school, on the most liberal principles, Christopher Ludwick, a wealthy and benevolent German citizen, was providing funds for precisely such an institution. He died in June, 1801, leaving his residuary estate, estimated then at eight thousand dollars, to the association which should be first incorporated, for the purpose of teaching gratis poor children in the city or liberties of Philadelphia, without any exception as to the country, extraction, or religion of their parents or friends. The magnitude of the bequest excited a desire in the then trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, to become the managers of this fund, and they of course became competitors with the society, in the endeavour to be first to obtain a charter.

The struggle for priority on this occasion was marked with the same generous enthusiasm that gave origin to the society. It was required, after obtaining the signatures of the attorney-general, judges, and governor in Philadelphia, that the instrument should be transmitted to Lancaster, and recorded in the Rolls Office, to complete

the act of incorporation. The chief magistrate, the late venerable Thomas M'Kean, maintaining a just and strict impartiality, delivered the two deeds to the agents of the rival candidates at the same moment. The victory now depended upon the despatch of the respective messengers to Lancaster. Joseph Bennet Eves, a gentleman whose ardent solicitude and strenuous efforts for the welfare and permanent establishment of the society, will long live in the grateful remembrance of his associates, volunteered his services on this occasion. The express for the University started first on horseback; Eves followed in a sulk. The express was provided with relays on the route; the society had omitted this precaution. The express was completely distanced ere he reached his first stage, and abandoned the enterprise. Eves, unconscious of his early triumph, held on his way. The weather being excessively warm, his horse at length failed. He hired another taken from a plough in the field, to go to the next town, four miles distant, where he purchased a third belonging to a traveller. Notwithstanding these hinderances, he performed the journey, a distance of sixty-six miles, in the short space of seven hours.



Being the first incorporated, in conformity to the provisions of Mr. Ludwick's will, the right of the society to the legacy was clearly established; but they did not obtain it until near five years afterwards, when ten thousand three hundred and forty dollars were transferred to them by the executors, in public stock, bonds, mortgages, &c. On the decease of the testator's widow, the society also became possessed of a house and lot in Philadelphia, with which the aggregate value of Mr. Ludwick's bequest may be stated at about \$13,000.

In the mean time the society did not rest in supineness, waiting the aid of this legacy. Continually growing in strength by an accession of members, they exerted themselves proportionably to their ability.

Hitherto a room had been rented to accommodate the scholars; the society in 1803, resolved to erect a building for their own use. A numerous committee was appointed to collect subscriptions. The late Dr. Benjamin Rush, then a member, wrote an address to the citizens; and two thousand eight hundred dollars were immediately subscribed. A lot of ground was purchased, on which, by the close of the year 1804, there was erected and com-

pletely fitted up for the reception of scholars, a neat two storied brick edifice, since greatly enlarged. The number of scholars at that time was sixty. The school gradually increased. In 1809 there were two hundred and seventy-eight scholars, under the care of the principal and an assistant whom it had become necessary to employ. The funds continuing to augment from donations, legacies, and contributions of additional members, it was resolved, in 1811, to establish a school for girls; and, by the close of the following year, one hundred and eighty-six females were receiving the benefits of education under the care of the society.

The income of the society, from this time, enabled them to expend about seventeen hundred dollars, and to educate upwards of four hundred scholars annually.

In 1814, a plan was formed, to procure a library for the school. A committee, appointed by the managers, collected, through the aid of a number of booksellers, and by the subscriptions of several other persons, about four hundred volumes; since which the number has been increased to six hundred. These books are moral and instructive; and care is taken to exclude any having a tendency to inculcate erroneous or dangerous principles.

From the last report of the society it appears that "since the establishment of the institution, five thousand two hundred and thirty-five boys, and three thousand five hundred and ninety-six girls, have here drank at the fountain of knowledge, many of whom are now respectable and useful citizens, discharging the various duties of life with credit to themselves and the community in which they live. During the past year there has been an average of four hundred and fifty-two pupils in the schools. There have been admitted two hundred and twenty boys, and two hundred and sixty-five girls, and discharged two hundred and thirty boys, and two hundred and thirty-three girls. The present number of pupils is two hundred and thirty boys, and two hundred and twenty-two girls; of the latter one hundred and fifty-nine are instructed in sewing, and taught to cut, and make, and mend clothing for themselves and others, thus qualifying them to become useful and practical members of society, in whatever sphere they may hereafter move. The girls belonging to the sewing department are divided into three classes, two of which attend on alternate days, thus devoting two days in the week to this employment; the remaining class attend but one day in the week."

## SAMUEL SLATER.

MR. SAMUEL SLATER, on the establishment of his cotton mill in Pawtucket, (R. I.) introduced among the labourers therein such regulations as his previous observations of cotton mills in Derbyshire, (England,) had shown to be useful and applicable to the circumstances of an American population. Amongst these, that which every philanthropist will deem the most important, was *the system of Sunday-school instruction*, which had been for some time in full operation at all the mills of Messrs. Strutt and Arkwright, when Mr. Slater left England. These schools are still continued at the present day. They have been copied and extended with the extension of the cotton manufacture, through this country; and they have prompted the establishment of similar schools in our seaport towns and in foreign countries. It was from Pawtucket that they were introduced into Providence, in 1815, by the young men of the latter

place, one of whom, William Jenkins, had been a clerk with Mr. Slater. These institutions were at first considered as *charity schools* only; and the teachers paid by the young men. They were subsequently taken under the patronage of the different religious societies, by whom they have been made to serve the purpose of biblical instruction.

In addition to these schools for Sunday instruction the establishment and support of common day-schools was promoted at all the manufactories in which Mr. Slater was interested; and, in some cases, the teachers were wholly paid by himself. Regular and stated public worship, also, was liberally supported at those points where the people could be most conveniently assembled. A strict though mild and paternal scrutiny of the conduct of the work-people was maintained; and prudent and effectual regulations against disorderly and immoral behaviour secured the peace, harmony and quiet of the mill companies. The introduction of manufacturing was thus, in every place, a harbinger of moral and intellectual improvement to the inhabitants of the vicinage, and the numerous operatives from remote and secluded parts of the

country, attracted to the manufacturing villages by the employment, comforts, and conveniences which they afforded. Hundreds of families of the latter description, originally from places where the general poverty had precluded schools and public worship, brought up illiterate, and without religious instruction, and disorderly and vicious in consequence of their lack of regular employment, have been transplanted to these new creations of skill and enterprise; and, by the ameliorating effects of study, industry, and instruction, have been reclaimed, civilized, christianized. Not a few of them have accumulated and saved, by close application and moderate economy, very handsome estates. Indeed, such have been the blessed results of this mode of concentrating and giving employment to a population formerly considered almost useless to the community, that there is among our manufacturing population at this moment, a greater number of males of from twenty to thirty years old who are worth from \$300 to \$1000 each, and of females worth from \$100 to \$800 each, than can be found in any equal population, out of the manufacturing villages.



## ADAM CLARKE.

WHEN Dr. Adam Clarke was about six years old, an occurrence took place which deserves to be recorded. At that time his father lived at Maghera, where he kept a public school, both English and classical. Near to where Mr. Clarke lived was a very decent orderly family, of the name of Brooks, who lived on a small farm. They had eleven children, some of whom went regularly to Mr. Clarke's school: one, called James, was the tenth child, a lovely lad, between whom and little Adam there subsisted a most intimate friendship and strong attachment. One day, when walking hand in hand in a field near the house, they sat down on a bank and began to enter into very serious conversation: they both became much affected, and this was deepened into exquisite distress, by the following observations made by little Brooks. "O, Addy, Addy," said he, "what a dreadful thing is *eternity*; and,



O, how dreadful to be put into hell fire, and be burnt there for ever and ever!" They both wept bitterly, and, as well as they could, begged God to forgive their sins; and they made to each other strong promises of amendment. They wept till they were really ill, and departed from each other with full and pensive hearts!

In reviewing this circumstance, Dr. Clarke has been heard to say: "I was then truly and deeply convinced that I was a sinner; that I was liable to eternal punishment; and that nothing but the mercy of God could save me from it: though I was not so conscious of any other sin as that of disobedience to my parents, which at that time affected me most forcibly. When I left my little companion, I went home, told the whole to my mother, with a full heart, expressing the hope that I should never more say any bad words, or refuse to do what she or my father might command. She was both surprised and affected, and gave me much encouragement, and prayed heartily for me. With a glad heart she communicated the information to my father, on whom I could see it did not make the same impression; for he had little opinion of pious resolutions in childish minds. I must own, that the way in which he

treated it was very discouraging to my mind, and served to mingle impressions with my serious feelings, that were not friendly to their permanence: yet the impression, though it grew faint, did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity; and my accountableness to God for my conduct; and the absolute necessity of enjoying his favour, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death."

## NOBLE FORTITUDE IN A YOUTH.

THE son of Colonel Lang, Governor of Vellore, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, he was ordered into the presence of the despot, who desired him to sit down, and write a letter to his father, to offer him a splendid establishment, if he would but surrender the city, of which he was governor; but threatening that, in case of refusal, his son should be sacrificed. The noble boy coolly rejected the service, and upon Hyder's pressing him, with many threats, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "If you consider me base enough to write such a letter, on what ground can you think so meanly of my father? You may, if you please, present me before the ramparts of Vellore, and you may cut me into a thousand pieces; but you cannot make him a traitor!"

This interesting fact is entitled to consideration, as illustrative of a curious incident mentioned in holy writ,

which has been but imperfectly understood by commentators. The sanguinary threat of Hyder Ali will doubtless remind our readers of the conduct of Mesha, king of Moab, when besieged by the kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom—"He took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall; and there was great indignation against Israel: and they departed from him, and returned to their own land." 2 Kings iii. 27. He had endeavoured "to break through to the king of Edom;" and being exasperated by the failure of his attempt, wreaked his vengeance by a singular but not uncommon process in the east upon the heir apparent to his own throne. In Taylor's Calmet, under the article "Mesha," some striking instances of this custom of vicarious substitution are given; though they are not applied as they might have been, to explain away an apparent discrepancy between the historical narrative above quoted, and the incidental reference made to it by the prophet Amos. "Thus saith the Lord," are the words of the herdsman of Tekoa—"for three transgressions of Moab, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment

thereof; because he burned the bones of *the king of Edom* into lime.”—Amos ii. 1. For though the king of Edom, in his proper person, was beyond his rage, he purposed nothing less than his destruction in the sacrifice by which his “great indignation” against his adversaries was indulged.







## A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON.

LITTLE HENRY became an orphan at a very early age, and his father left him to the care of a very pious minister, under whose roof he dwelt, and where he not only received an education, but his moral and religious habits were strictly attended to.

The establishment was simple, consisting only of his guardian and one faithful servant.

One evening in the week Henry always accompanied his friend and tutor to a lecture at the place of worship where he was accustomed to officiate. It happened at one of these meetings the subject of the discourse was prayer. After the service, his tutor having a particular engagement with a friend, little Henry was to return to his home. While he was taking his supper, the kind-hearted domestic said to him, "Henry, do you ever pray?" "No," he said, he did not. She told him it was a duty

to which he ought to attend; and encouraged by his ready assent to her remarks, she asked, if he would promise her that he would pray that night before he went to bed. "Yes, I will," he replied. Henry finished his supper, and returned to his amusements, forgetting what had passed. The time for his going to bed arrived; he had taken off his jacket, and was undressing, when the recollection of the promise he had made rushed upon his mind. He dared not go to bed till he had done what he had promised; he knelt down by his bed-side, and breathed out, under strong feelings, a short and simple prayer, the impression and effect of which have never left him. From that evening he never omitted the performance of that duty, to the period when he related the circumstance to the writer, which must have been at least thirty years after it had occurred.

And he has had reason to rejoice that the inquiry dictated by the affectionate interest of Mary had led him thus early to seek the God of his fathers in prayer, with the prayer of the heart, not merely words of the lips. Many have been the vicissitudes and trials of no ordinary kind which he has experienced, and through which he has

passed without loss of character or friends. Religion has been his great support under them all. He has ever cast his cares on Him who alone could sustain him, and rested on Him who is the Rock of ages.

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### DR. CONYERS.

It is said of the late Rev. Dr. Conyers, that he appeared to have had serious impressions from his infancy; and is remembered to have retired at a certain time from his play-fellows, when only five years of age, and to have run down a lane to say his prayers. He was very fond of going to church when a little boy; and if he happened to be at play when the bell tolled for any ordinary service of the day, no solicitations of his juvenile companions could prevent his attendance.

## ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ISAAC B— is a little boy eleven years of age, who cannot hear or speak. But he is generally a happy boy, because he tries to do right. Until a year and a half since, he lived in entire ignorance, in a poor-house in the State of New York, with his mother and idiot brother. He was then sent by some kind people to be educated.

One day his teacher requested another pupil in the same class to write the lesson on a large slate, so that he could explain it to all of them. Isaac was a very pretty writer, and he was proud to think that he could write better than the other boys. This was wrong.

When the lesson was written, the teacher called the class around him, and Isaac took his seat directly in front, to see if he could find any mistakes. This was wrong again. In a few lines the teacher found a word spelled wrong, and kindly pointed it out to the lad who had

written it. At this Isaac's eyes sparkled, and he looked with triumph on his companion. He was so pleased that he could not sit still, and he twisted his neck, and curled up his lip with half a smile, as if he would have said, if he could, "there, you made a mistake, and I'm glad of it."

This grieved his teacher, and he asked Isaac by signs, (for Isaac could not have heard him if he had spoken,) if God was pleased to see him feel so? Isaac suddenly drew in his breath, and bit his under lip, seeming to say, Ah! I had forgotten it was wrong to feel so. I am sorry, I am sorry." And at the same time he put his hand to his forehead, and appeared to grasp something very firmly, which he threw upon the floor, and stamped upon it, as if crushing something to death.

What do you suppose Isaac meant by doing so? I suppose he meant to show that he would throw away those *bad thoughts*, and tread them in the dust. Dear reader, remember this, and try by the grace of God to overcome every evil thought and feeling. Unless you do this, you can never be happy.

## EARLY PIETY.

ARCHBISHOP USHER, at the age of fourteen, exhibited decided evidences of conversion and piety, and was admitted to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. At that early age, before commemorating the dying love of Jesus, he used to retire to some private place to spend a whole afternoon in impartial self-examination and deep humiliation for all his sins. In these holy exercises, he often enjoyed such enlargement of heart, that tears of joy and penitence flowed from his eyes. So great were the ardours of these holy seasons of devotion, that the recollection of them in more advanced years frequently revived the dying embers of piety on the altar of his heart. Often did he retire to the banks of a favourite river; where concealed from the gaze of his fellow-creatures, he poured out his soul before the Searcher of hearts. Let all children imitate this man of God. Accustom yourselves TO THINK SERIOUSLY.

## EARLY RISING.

IN the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant of the borough of Leicester, is the following clause relative to early rising:—"As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct them that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from five o'clock every morning from the fifth of April to the tenth of October, being three hours each day; and from seven o'clock in the morning from the tenth of October to the fifth of April, being two hours every morning, for two whole years; this to be done for some two years to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property.



## PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

“WHERE parental influence does not convert,” said Richard Cecil, “it hampers—it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way—I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone—I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims spoiled my pleasure. With my companions I would sometimes stifle them; like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was a sort of hero; I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them; but *I could not divest myself* of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see the Minor; he could laugh heartily, but I could not; the ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. *He* knew no difference

between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man—it harasses him—it throws itself constantly in his way.”

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## BISHOP BOULTER.

THE constant habit of Bishop Boulter to forgive the injuries done to him, led one of his friends to write the following lines, after his death, which must be considered the more beautiful as being true.

Some write their wrongs in marble—he more just,  
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them in the dust;  
Trode under foot, the sport of every wind,  
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.  
There, buried in the dust, he bade them lie;  
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye.

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## POETRY.



# POETRY.

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## THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet, in childhood to give back  
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart  
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,  
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruit.  
I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod  
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,  
And when the eighth came round and called him out  
To revel in its light, he turned away,  
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.  
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,  
And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest:

Mother, I'm dying now!  
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,

As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd:  
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand:  
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath  
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?  
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,  
And place the other thus beneath my head,  
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead  
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee  
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,  
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay  
You taught me.

Oh! at the time of prayer,  
When you look round, and see a vacant seat,  
You will not wait then for my coming feet—  
You'll miss me there.



Father, I'm going home!  
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land  
Where it is one bright summer always, and  
Storms do never come.

I must be happy then,  
From pain and death you say I shall be free,  
That sickness never enters there, and we  
Shall meet again.

Brother, the little spot  
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours  
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers.  
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine,  
Something that lives in winter, and will be  
A verdant offering to my memory,  
And call it mine!

Sister, my young rose tree,  
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,

Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,  
I give to thee;

And when its roses bloom,  
I shall be gone away, my short life done;  
But will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb?

Now, mother, sing the tune  
You sung last night; I'm weary and must sleep.  
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep,  
You'll all come soon!

Morning spread o'er earth her rosy wings,  
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,  
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air  
Came through the open window, freighted with  
The savory odours of the early spring:  
He breathed it not: the laugh of passers by  
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,  
But waken'd not his slumber. He was dead.

## THE ORPHAN BOY.

ALAS! I am an orphan boy,  
With naught on earth to cheer my heart;  
No father's love, no mother's joy,  
Nor kin nor kind to take my part:  
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,  
I eat the bread of charity;  
And when the kiss of love goes round,  
There is no kiss, alas! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,  
A mother too I used to prize;  
With ready hand to wipe the tear,  
If chanc'd the transient tear to rise.  
But cause of tears was rarely found,  
For all my heart was youthful glee,  
And when the kiss of love went round,  
How sweet a kiss there was for me.

But, ah! there came a war, they say;  
What is a war?—I cannot tell:  
But drums and fifes did sweetly play,  
And loudly rang our village bell.  
Indeed it was a pretty sound  
I thought,—nor could I thence foresee  
That when the kiss of love went round  
There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,  
And sword as bright as bright could be,  
And feathers that so gaily look,  
All in a shining cap had he.  
Then how my little heart did bound,  
Alas! I thought it fine to see,—  
Nor dream'd that when the kiss went round,  
There soon should be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring,—  
There was a victory, they said;  
'Twas what my father said he'd bring,  
But, ah! it brought my father dead.

*My mother shriek'd; her heart was wo,  
She clasp'd me to her trembling knee:—  
O God! that you may never know  
How wild a kiss she gave to me!*

But once again,—but once again,  
These lips a mother's kisses felt;  
That once again,—that once again,  
The tale a heart of stone would melt.  
'Twas when upon a death-bed laid,  
(And I was call'd that sight to see,)  
“My child, my child!” she feebly said,  
And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now I am an Orphan Boy,  
With naught below my heart to cheer;  
No mother's love, no father's joy,  
Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.  
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,  
I eat the bread of charity;  
And when the kiss of love goes round,  
There is no kiss, alas! for me.

## THE WORKS OF GOD.

“O Lord! how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great sea, wherein are things innumerable, both small and great.”—PSALM civ.

Upon the rolling sea,  
    Upon the firm fixed land,  
Oh God! unerring lines there be  
    Of thine Almighty hand.

Nature is, as a book  
    Traced with immortal pen,  
Where high and low alike may look,  
    Among the sons of men.

Nothing so great, so high,  
    But owns God's sovereign will;  
Nothing so lowly, but his eye  
    Sees, and protects it still.

The stars that nightly rise  
In the blue vault above,  
Point to the throne beyond the skies,  
Pure source of light and love.

The waters wide and deep,  
And all within them found,  
Tell of a hand stretched out to keep  
The sea within its bound.

The earth in verdure clad,  
The flower that yearly springs,  
Whose fragrance makes the spirit glad,  
*These* speak of heavenly things.

Too beautiful to be  
Born but to mix with dust;  
No! types of things we hope to see:  
*Such* is the Christian's trust!

The mountains, rocks, and hills,  
The desert, lone and drear,



Where, tho' the dew and rain distil,  
No offerings appear;

Each has its written page—  
And he that runs may read,  
Lessons, inscribed for youth and age  
In every hour of need.

Why should our spirits fail?  
Why doth our faith decay?  
God hears the feeble sparrow's wail—  
“And are we *less* than they?”

Nay, Christian! wherefore yield?  
Tho' strength seems well nigh gone,  
Take up again the heavenly shield,  
And gird thy armour on.

Onward, thro' storm and calm—  
Onward in hope or fear—  
In Gilead thou wilt yet find balm,  
And a Physician near!





## THE THREE HOMES.

“Where is thy home?” I ask’d a child,  
Who, in the morning air,  
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,  
In garlands for her hair :  
“My home,” the happy heart replied,  
And smiled in childish glee,  
“Is on the sunny mountain side,  
Where soft winds wander free.”  
O, blessings fall on artless youth,  
And all its rosy hours,  
Where every word is joy and truth,  
And treasures live in flowers.

“Where is thy home?” I asked of one  
Who bent with flushing face,  
To hear a warrior’s tender tone  
In the wild wood’s secret place;

She spoke not, but her varying cheek  
The tale right well impart,  
The home of her young spirit meek  
Was in a kindred heart.  
Ah! souls that well might soar above  
To earth will fondly cling,  
And build their hopes on human love,  
That light and fragile thing!

“Where is *thy* home, thou lonely man?”  
I ask’d a pilgrim grey,  
Who came, with furrow’d brow, and wan,  
Slow musing on his way:  
He paus’d, and with a solemn mien,  
Upturn’d his holy eyes.  
“The land I seek thou ne’er hast seen,  
*My* home is in the skies!”  
O blest, thrice blest the heart must be  
To whom such thoughts are given,  
That walks from worldly fetters free,  
And finds its home in heaven.

## THE DOOMED MAN.

THERE is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,  
To die as if by stealth;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirits light and gay;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set  
Indelibly a mark,  
Unseen by man, for man as yet  
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doom'd man's path below  
Like Eden may have bloom'd;  
He did not, does not, will not know  
Or feel that he is doom'd.

He knows, he feels, that all is well,  
And every fear is calm'd;  
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,  
Not only doom'd, but damn'd.

O where is this mysterious bourn,  
By which our path is crossed;



Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,  
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end? and where begin  
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:  
Ye that from God depart!  
While it is called to-day, repent!  
And harden not your heart.

## LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG BOY, WHO, SUPPOSING HIMSELF REBUKED  
FOR HIS AFFECTION, REPLIED,

*“I am not too old to love my mother!”*

I DID not think to check the flow  
Of thy young heart's deep love, fair boy;  
And with ungentle hand, to throw  
A cloud athwart thy sun of joy:  
Would—though fast coming time will steel  
The boyish freshness from thy brow,  
Thou ne'er couldst be “too old” to feel  
The same pure love that stirs thee now!

Would that thine heart might ever be  
Link'd to thy mother's, by a spell  
As strong as human destiny,  
And love no years nor cares may quell:

That manhood might not lead away  
Thy thoughts from the paternal knee—  
The spot where thou art wont to pray,  
The lip that only blesseth thee !

Yet vain the wish—a mother's voice  
May not for ever win thine ear,  
A mother's heart bid thine rejoice,  
Nor blend with thine a mother's tear !  
Thou wilt commune with men, and yearn  
For the endearments childhood knew ;  
And sigh, when later friendships burn,  
For those,—the early lov'd and true.

And they will quit thee not,—no charm  
Lingers about our after years ;  
There cometh no maternal arm  
To mould our course, or stay our fears !  
And thou wilt look in sorrow back,  
On many a joy-enliven'd scene,  
But find on manhood's wayward track,  
Naught like a mother's love, I ween.

Then think not I could bid thee seal  
Thy living heart up in thy breast,  
Or would that thou shouldst cease to feel  
All that hath power to make thee blest;  
O, no! let thine affections now  
Gush out where'er their promptings move;  
Hereafter, it may be that thou  
Wilt find no human thing to love.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A BOY THREE  
YEARS OF AGE.

Come hither to my side, my boy,  
And look me in my face,  
That I may on thy youthful brow  
Thy future fortunes trace.

Nay, smile not, or that dimpled cheek  
Will rob my spell of power,  
As dew-drops hide the secret worm  
That feeds upon the flower.

Those laughing eyes would cheat me, too.  
To think thy happy lot  
Was cast in some bright fairy land,  
Where clouds and storms come not.

And hush that little heart of thine  
That throbs with mirth and joy;—

Dost think 'twill never feel a pain,  
My fair and happy boy?

But smile again! I'd rather see  
That bright and sunny brow,  
Without a cloud to hide the joy  
That sparkled there just now.

I would not rob that little breast  
Of one glad hour of mirth,  
To tell thee of the cares and pains  
That visit all on earth.

'Tis past! and all is bright again  
Upon that happy brow;  
'Twas but a shadow of the gloom  
That dwelt on mine but now.

Go forth,—but trust not to the world,  
'Tis ever false, though fair;  
But lift thine eyes above, my boy,  
And look for guidance there.

A LITTLE BOY TO HIS FATHER, AT SUNRISE  
ON A MORNING IN SPRING.

FATHER, awake! it is not night;  
The sun is up, the sky is bright,  
The birds have left their leafy nests,  
And joys are struggling from their breasts.

I cannot sleep, I hear them say,  
"Morn is the childhood of the day;  
Be up, for morn in life's career  
Should be as cheerful, bright and dear.

Come forth and breathe the balmy air,  
A thousand sweets are floating there:  
A thousand sounds are mingling wild,  
Come forth with us, fond waking child."

Father, awake! and take thy boy  
To hear this matin burst of joy,



To see the world all bright with dew;—  
Father, I want to go with you.

You told me, God though very high  
Above the sun, above the sky,  
Is praised by creatures here below—  
The birds are praising him, I know.

And those soft twinklings of the leaves,  
With every moan the ocean heaves.  
Are all to him a grateful song—  
Father, how can you sleep so long?

My little hymns, I think, would please  
His listening ear, as well as these,  
If thou wouldst wake and teach my tongue  
To join the birds in morning song.

I hear them now among the trees;  
I hear the humming of the bees—  
It seems as though my heart would break—  
Father, dear father, do awake!

## MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,  
I feel her hand upon my brow,  
    As when, in heartfelt joy,  
She raised her evening hymn of praise,  
And called down blessings on the days  
    Of her beloved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,  
Her hand is on my burning brow,  
    As in that early hour,  
When fever throbbed in all my veins,  
And that kind hand first soothed my pains  
    With healing power.

My mother's voice! it sounds as when  
She read to me of holy men,  
    The Patriarchs of old;

And gazing downward in my face,  
She seemed each infant thought to trace.  
My blue eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,  
Woven in sweet deceptive song—  
And whispers round my heart;  
And when at eve it rose on high,  
I hear and think that she is nigh,  
And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside,  
The voice of friendship, love, had died;  
That voice would linger there;  
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,  
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,  
Or rose in prayer.

## INQUIRIES AT NIGHT.

DID I this morn devoutly pray,  
For God's assistance through the day?

And did I read His sacred word,  
To make my life therewith accord?

Did I, for any purpose, try  
To hide the truth, or tell a lie?

Did I my time and thoughts engage,  
As fits my duty, station, age?

Did I with care my temper guide,  
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?

Did I my lips from all refrain,  
That might my fellow-creatures pain?

Did I with cheerful patience bear  
The various ills we all must share ?

For all God's mercies through the day,  
Did I my grateful tribute pay ?

And did I, when the day was o'er,  
God's watchful aid again implore ?

Saviour! thy grace divine impart,  
To fill my soul and cleanse my heart ;

And make me meet for heaven above,  
To join thy saints in praise and love.

MISCELLANY.









## MISCELLANY.

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### A MOTHER'S PRAYERS, THE TRACT, AND POCKET BIBLE.

Mr. L. is a young man of uncommon abilities. With much of that enthusiastic temperament, peculiar to the southern constitution, he possesses a disposition, frank, generous and social. Few young gentlemen have entered the world with advantages equal to his. A mind highly cultivated, a conversational talent of a commanding order, together with family connexions of extensive influence, gave him a decided superiority over many of those with whom he associated. His amiable disposition, particularly, secured him an interest in the friendship of the youth of the neighbourhood.

It may easily be imagined, that the influence of such a

youth is almost as extensive as his acquaintance. Young men will have companions for their sports and their social hours; and the individual, in whom genius, acquirements and manners unite, generally gives tone to the feeling, and direction to the conversation—his opinions are received and repeated, and his spirit imbibed.

Mr. L., in the early part of youth, had drunk deep from the stream of infidelity. Pursuing his studies at a distance from home, beyond the immediate control of parental authority, and surrounded with circumstances rather hostile to the influence of parental advice, he gradually forgot the pious lessons received from a godly mother, and finally succeeded in persuading himself, that the Bible is *priestcraft*, and the holy tendency of its doctrines delusion. He returned to the parental roof, a fine looking, well educated young gentleman, but a confirmed infidel.

He illy concealed from the solicitude of a mother, the change of his opinions on the subject of religion. She trembled at the discovery. They mingled their tears; but while they wept together, pity for her weakness and superstition, and indignation for the means which had

first led her into the delusion, were the prominent feelings of his bosom.

Months passed on. How he figured among the gay and the vain, how his sentiments were received and respected by both male and female, need not here be mentioned—the extent of the injury which his infidelity has occasioned, can never in this life be unfolded. Yet in all this, he was an affectionate son, and an amiable man; beloved and caressed by all who enjoyed his acquaintance. The mother could not but rejoice in having a son, so high-minded and honourable, yet she could not but weep, that his heart was wedded to infidel principles. This one thought embittered all the joy—her son scornfully rejected her blessed Saviour. The midnight hour witnessed her tears and prayers for the conversion of her ungodly child. Never did she forget before the throne of grace, her infidel son. But it seemed that God would not answer her prayers. Frequently her heart almost yielded to despair, for fear that her son was given up to a reprobate mind.

Mr. L., after having been at home a few months, married and settled on his own plantation, near the residence

of his mother. He now became more domestic in his habits, more grave and serious in his deportment, but continued an avowed advocate of infidelity.

One day, in a musing frame of mind, walking around the mill-pond, his glance fell on a leaf of paper near the edge of the water. He carelessly picked it up, and a few steps further he picked up two or three more. He now had in his hand a *complete tract*, which, perhaps, the winds of heaven had blown to that spot. Having arranged the separate leaves, as he walked he read. Becoming interested, he read the tract through. The little thing spoke of God, it spoke of the Bible, it spoke of eternity. Again he read it—and feelings awoke in his bosom, which, he thought, had been annihilated. Having arrived at his house, he again read the tract. He paused and thought—deeply thought,—If this be all true, what ——? The idea was too awful, he would not pursue it; he rose and paced the floor. Now, for the first time, perhaps, in his life, he felt an anxious desire to look into a Bible. But in his well furnished library, that precious book was not to be found. The pocket Bible, which he called his own, when a boy, was now in the book case at his mo-

ther's residence. His mother had often urged him to take it home, but no! he had no use for such books. "I will send," said he, quite aloud, "and borrow one. But no! that will expose my weakness. Yes," catching at the thought suggested by the word last uttered, "yes, it is weakness, I will not submit to it. Have I not lived satisfied with my principles? What reason have I now to distrust them? Strange that reading this tract should so disturb my composure! I see how it is, I am indisposed,—have been unwell all the morning—I will throw the tract aside, and think no more of these matters."

But the tract was not to be put off in this manner.—It had seized on the spirit of a stubborn sinner, it grappled with his infidel principles. It gave no ground; the contest was long and serious. The tract was read over once more, and it triumphed. "Yes," said he, "I will have a Bible."

He recollected the pocket Bible at his mother's. He thought, too, that it was possible to obtain this Bible, without exciting suspicion in his mother's family. For this purpose, he stepped over to her residence.

The perturbation of mind discovered itself in his coun-



tenance, which alarmed the fears of the mother for the health of a son, who had caused her so much solicitude. Eager were her inquiries as to his health; and his replies, that he was well, had no tendency to remove her fears. The sole object of Mr. L., in paying this visit, was secretly to secure the pocket Bible. Several anxious glances, therefore, were directed towards the book-case. These glances, observed by the mother, gave a different turn to her thoughts. She looked for a moment intently at his countenance—could it be possible? The idea forced itself upon her mind, and she almost sunk under it. Could it be possible, that the Spirit of God had found her lost child, and that he was now operating upon his heart! Hope and fear were too strong in her bosom. Like Joseph, she left the room, in order to give way to a burst of feeling. Pious mothers of infidel sons alone are capable of judging of her emotions at this time. She knew that her son had refused to have a Bible in his house. Those anxious glances did give rise to the idea that he had come for the Bible, which she had many times urged him to take. There it now stood,—the pocket Bible from which, in his boyhood, he had so often read to her.

After giving vent to her tears,—the tears of hope and fear, and after having poured out her soul before God, she recovered in some degree her composure. Again, like Joseph, she entered the room—her son was gone—she sprang toward the book-case—the pocket Bible was gone.

I have the happiness of adding, that Mr. L., is now a member of a Christian church. He repented in sack-cloth and ashes his former hostility to Jesus of Nazareth: and in the course of some weeks, he found peace in believing in the Saviour, whom he had so scornfully rejected. If he was once zealous in scattering the poison of infidelity, he is now doubly so, by his walk and conversation, in advocating the doctrines of the gospel.

## THE ARMY AND ITS GENERAL.

[JOSEPH, the child of a soldier, whose education had been obtained in the camp and the sutler's booth, is adopted by an excellent old schoolmaster, who finds him in a state of almost savage ignorance and brutality. After gaining his affections and exciting his thoughts to action on other subjects, he takes the following method to fix upon his mind the conviction of the existence and providence of the Deity.

At a favourable moment, when his desire of knowledge was excited, his guardian led him out in view of an extensive field. This seemed like a fine parade ground for Hussars, and the conversation turned on the regular exercises and movements of battalions, and the commander under whose orders they were executed. The schoolmaster then proceeded as follows:]

*Sch.* Your emperor has a great many regiments besides

that to which your father belonged. Some of them are stationed in Saxony, some in Silesia, and others in Bohemia. All at once they set out and march together to one place. Now I have often wondered how it was possible for so many thousand men to march together from so many different countries, to the same place, in as perfect order as if every thing had been agreed upon beforehand. I cannot but believe that there is some one who commands them.

*J.* I will tell you who it is. It is certainly General Down, of whom I have frequently heard my father speak.

*Sch.* I believe so. But besides this, so many thousand men must have something to eat in the course of a day, especially if they have horses. Now one would suppose that they would starve to death, when they all come together in one place. I have read, however, that wherever they go, they find flour, bread, meat, oats and hay. It cannot be that all these things go there of their own accord. I must believe that there is some one who orders all this.

*J.* It is certainly General Down, for he provides for all his soldiers. The soldiers always call him Father Down.

*Sch.* It is possible. At least there is some one who

commands all this provision to be brought together. But there is as much order in the *world* as in the emperor's army. For example, the sun rises at a particular time every morning. People who have attended closely to the sun, can tell beforehand the very minute in which it will rise.

*J.* But it is not so exact as our soldiers. I recollect many days in which I never saw it rise at all.

*Sch.* Things must be very different, then, in Bohemia from what they are with us. With us it rises every morning, precisely at the time. We cannot, indeed, always see it, for sometimes the sky is cloudy. It is so with the moon too. Now it rises, now it sets. Sometimes it is as small as a sickle; at others, it is larger, and as round as a dinner plate, and then it begins to grow smaller again, and every thing goes on so regularly, that the almanack-maker can tell us every thing beforehand. When we go home I will point out all this to you in the almanack; and if you look carefully at the sky, and observe the moon, you will see that it changes exactly in the order there laid down.

*J.* Oh! I never heard of that before, in all my life.

*Sch.* You may rely upon it. In the world, therefore, every thing is, as it were, under the direction of a commander. Now think a moment. Sometimes the vapours ascend from the earth, and collect themselves together, like the emperor's soldiers, and form themselves into clouds. Then a wind often arises, and in a few hours drives them all away.

In the spring every thing appears to be, as it were, under the direction of a commander. First come the larks, then the finches, then the swallows and storks collect together, and when they come, they find their food ready, just as if it had been provided on purpose for them. Then one flower blossoms after another; first the little violet, then the cowslip; then the cherry trees blossom, and then the pear trees, and finally the apple trees. All things go on in as much order as if they were told just what to do. There must, therefore, be a commander. Now it is HE, who commands all this, whom we call God.

*J.* Oh! have you ever seen him?

*Sch.* No; neither have I seen General Down, and yet I believe he commands the emperor's army. And, besides, my dear Joseph, there are many things which we

cannot see, and which yet exist. Have you ever seen the wind?

*J.* Never, in my life.

*Sch.* Nor I, and yet it exists. This is evident from the trees, which it moves, and from the tiles which it blows off from the roofs of houses. We must believe, therefore, that there is some one who commands all this to be done, because we see that every thing takes place in as much order as if it were commanded.

*J.* Look, father, see that great bird, which comes flying towards us. What is it called?

*Sch.* It is a stork, and that is under command too. As soon as spring makes its appearance among us, and the air grows warm, then it seems as if some one said to the storks, "March!" They break up their quarters, leave the countries in which they have spent the winter, and remove to others, where, as soon as they arrive, they find food in readiness for them. Do you know what storks eat?

(Joseph shook his head.)

They generally eat frogs, (continued the school-mas-



ter.) Frogs are not always at hand, however. In the winter there are none to be found.

*J.* Where do they go?

*Sch.* They hide in the mud of the marshes and ponds. In the spring they crawl out. When it is time for the storks to come, the frogs come too.

*J.* That is curious.

*Sch.* Indeed it is, and hence you see there must be some one who commands all things, and takes care that food shall be ready for the storks as soon as they arrive. Look there, Joseph, there sits a stork, so near us that you can examine it closely. Has it not every thing necessary to make it a frog hunter? See how long its legs are! With them it can walk in the water and search for frogs. See how long its bill is. With that the stork catches the frogs, and picks them to death. If the stork was made like the dove or the hen, the frogs would be of no use to it, for it could not catch them. You saw your father's regiment. Can you recollect what kind of weapons the Hussars had?

*J.* Let me see. First, a great short broad-sword, then

a pistol at each side, and a carbine slung over behind the back.

*Sch.* It must have been a fine sight, when a thousand men rushed forth, all having the same kind of broadsword and arms. If I had seen them I should have believed that this broadsword was made on purpose for them. If you should see a thousand storks drawn up and marching, you would find that they are armed as much alike as the regiment of hussars to which your father belonged; they all have great and strong wings, long bills, and long legs.

The old man then went on to say much more about the wise contrivances which we see everywhere in nature. This dialogue had such an effect upon the mind of Joseph, that he saw there must be a commander under whose authority every thing is transacted in this world. He began to look upon the world with different eyes. Whenever the sun or the moon arose, whenever it thundered or rained, whenever he saw a beehive or an ant's hill, a tree, or a flower, or a bird, he thought of God, who orders all things.

## THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Nor many years since, a young man and his wife arrived at the town of M—, in the United States, as permanent residents. They remained there two or three years, when the young man, by a mysterious providence, was called from the world—leaving a widow and two lovely twin infants. There was no minister of the gospel in that region who could direct the widow to the great source of comfort; nor was there a pious friend who could guide her trembling footsteps to the cross of Jesus. But she went to the Bible, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, found that consolation which a selfish world can neither bestow nor taste. As her children grew up she endeavoured to teach them the first principles of religion; but they received only *her* instructions.

In the days of her childhood she had possessed great advantages, and she mourned that her babes could only

receive instruction from her lips. Alas! no missionary came to instruct, to cheer and to gladden the bosom of her, who, for years, had not heard the whispers of love from the servants of her Saviour.

When the little boys were five years of age, a consumption had fastened upon their tender mother. She steadily watched the issue of her disease, and in her last moments commended her children to Him who is a "father to the fatherless." A few moments before she expired, she kissed the little boys who unconsciously wept on feeling the last grasp of the cold hand of their mother. "It is hard," said she to a neighbour who was present, "it is hard for a mother to leave two such helpless babes, without friends and without any one to protect them; but I leave them in the hands of God, and I do believe he will protect them; and my last prayer shall be for my *poor*, *poor* destitute orphans!"

After the death of their mother, the little boys were received into the house of a neighbour; but in less than a year one of them was stretched beside the mother, beneath the sods!

About this time a pious young lady arrived in the place.

It was her first inquiry how she could do good to the poor villagers around her. During a walk, one afternoon, she met this little boy straggling beside the road. He was a beautiful flaxen-headed boy, though exceedingly ragged. The young lady was struck with his appearance, and entered into conversation with him. "What is your name, my little boy?" said she gently. "James." "Where do you live?" "With widow —— just in the edge of the wood, in that little log-house; can't you see it?" "I see it, but is widow —— your mother?" "No, I had a mother, and she loved me. She used to take care of me, and my brother John. She gave us clothes—taught us our own little prayers and catechisms; oh, she was a good mother."

"But where *is* your mother?" said the lady soothingly. "O, Madam, she—is—dead! Do you see the grave-yard yonder?" "Yes." "And the great maple-tree which stands in the corner of it?" "I see it." "Well, my poor mother was buried under that tree; and my little brother John lies there too. They are both buried up in the ground though my mother's grave was deepest. I never shall see them again—never, even while I live. Will you

go with me and see the graves?" continued he, looking at the lady with great earnestness and simplicity.

The short account which the little boy gave of himself awakened the best feelings of the young lady, and she had been devising some plan to do him good. She found him very ignorant, having never been at school, and the instruction of a pious mother, having never been repeated or enforced by example, were nearly forgotten.

A Sunday-school was never established in this place; and whether it was practicable to establish one, was doubtful; but she determined to make the experiment. Accordingly she visited every little cottage in the village, and urged that the children might be assembled the next Lord's day, and a school formed.

A proposal of this kind was new and unpopular. For the first three Sabbaths the young lady had no scholar, but her little James. But she knew that however faint may be our prospects of doing good at the commencement, we should not be discouraged. The first blow we strike may produce but little effect. The lady was sorry not to see more scholars; but she bent all her efforts to the instruction of the little boy. In a few weeks the pre-

judices of the people began to wear away; and before the summer closed, the school embraced every child whose age would allow it to attend.

It was the second summer after the establishment of the school, and after little James had become well acquainted with the Testament and the Catechism, that his health began to fail. The kind young lady beheld his gradual decay with anxiety—visited him often, and always wept at parting with a pupil so dear. She used often to walk out with him, and to cheer him by conversation. On one pleasant afternoon she led him out, and at his request, visited the spot where lay his mother and his little brother. Their graves were both covered with grass, and on the smaller grave there were some beautiful flowerets. It was in the cool of a serene summer day, as they sat by the grave in silence—neither being able to speak. The lady gazed at the pale wan countenance of the lovely boy, upon whose system a lingering disease was preying, while he looked at her with an eye that seemed to say, “I have not long to enjoy your society.” Without saying a word, he cut a small stick, and measured the exact length of his little brother’s



grave, and again seated himself by the lady. He appeared sad, as he calmly addressed her: "You see my dear Miss —, that this little grave is shorter than mine will be!" She pressed his little hand in hers, and he continued; "you know how much I love you—how much I am obliged to you. Before you taught me, I knew nothing about death—nothing about heaven—or God or angels. I was a very wicked little boy, till you met me. I love you much—very much; but I would say something else!" "And what would you say?" inquired the lady, trying to compose her feelings. "Do you think I shall ever get well?" "Indeed I hope you will! But why do you ask that question?" "Because, I feel I shall not live long. I believe I shall die soon, and shall then be laid beside my poor mother. She will then have her two twins, one on each side of her. But do not cry Miss —, I am not afraid to die. You told me, and the Testament tells me, that Christ will suffer little children to come unto him; and though I know I am a very sinful little boy, yet, I think I shall be happy, for I love this Saviour, who can save such a wicked boy as I am: and I sometimes think I shall soon meet my mother and my

little brother in happiness. I know you will come too, won't you? When I am dead, I wish you to tell the Sunday-school—how much I loved them all. Tell them they all must die, and may die young; and tell them to come and measure the grave of little James, and then prepare to die."

The young lady wept, and could not answer him at that time; but she was enabled to converse with him several times on the ground of his hope; and as far as we can judge, was satisfied that this little lamb was indeed of the fold of Jesus. She was sitting by his bed-side and with her own trembling hand, closed his lovely eyes, as they shut in everlasting slumbers. He fell asleep with a smile and without a struggle. The lady was the only sincere mourner who followed the remains of the child to the grave: and while she shed many tears over the sods which covered his little form, she could not but rejoice in the belief, that God had permitted her to be the feeble instrument of preparing an immortal spirit for a mansion in the skies.

## ANOTHER TIME.

JAMES W. was the third child of his parents, whom he lost when he was young; but that God, who watches over orphans, raised him up friends who loved him and watched over him with the care and solicitude of a parent. But he had a prevailing habit of procrastinating, or neglecting to attend to things in their proper season. When at school he would be occupied with his amusements or some trifling object, before he had learned his lesson, and, when inquiry was made respecting it, his reply was, "I'll do that another time;" but the hour arrived, and James was not prepared to say his lesson, by which he frequently fell into disgrace. His uncle allowed him a little garden, during the time he resided with him: he would dig the ground, but neglect to sow the seeds, saying, "I will do it at another time." In one place lay the garden hoe, in another his book, in another his pencil. When asked,

why are these not put in their places?—"I'll do it another time." It is impossible to calculate the amount of the value of things which he injured, or spoiled, or lost through this careless habit; for, though the sum appears small for the single articles, it amounts to dollars before any one would imagine it had reached half that sum. But the evil followed him into the subsequent periods of life. When he was placed an apprentice in a pious and respectable family, there were several useful articles he neglected to take with him, because "I can have them another time." He was delighted with his new situation—highly extolled the kindness of his master and mistress; but yet his evil habits followed him into the retail shop and into the parlour. Frequently, when he had waited on a customer, he neglected to enter it in the day-book, and when reminded of it, "I'll do it another time." But another time never came, for many articles were absolutely forgotten, and his master much injured through his negligence. When corrected for it, he promised to do better another time. But, instead of entering every article as it was disposed of, he said to himself, "I shall have something else to enter soon, and then I can put it down

all at once." And by putting off till another time, it never was entered at all. By this means he inadvertently and undesignedly wronged and robbed his master of many dollars, so that he could never leave him in the shop alone; for though he was strictly honest, in the general sense of the word, yet by his carelessness he was very injurious, and could no more be trusted than if he had been an old thief. Sometimes he entered the parlour in a very rude and boisterous manner, with his hat on, and his hands unwashed, and by his manner, he rendered himself very troublesome. When reminded of these things,—“Oh, I'll do better another time.” In two or three days the same uncouth behaviour was repeated, and the same promise made—“I'll mind it another time.” If he had a letter to write, a bill to discharge, shoes or clothes to be mended,—“I'll do them another time;” and these things were neglected day after day, and week after week. But this habit of negligence and procrastination did not end here. His pious friends had furnished him with a Bible, that he might read and meditate therein day and night. Josh. i. 8. He appeared very fond of it at first. It was strictly enjoined upon him to read some part of God's word every

day, but, when inquiry was made—on what subject have you been reading to-day?—"Oh, I have not read it yet. I'll read it another time." And thus the best of books became a neglected book. In the same way convictions were slighted; for James at times had very serious thoughts about the salvation of his soul. "But I'll attend to it another time," was the reply conscience received when it remonstrated with him. There is reason to fear secret prayer was neglected through the same vain promise, "I'll attend to it another time."

This habit of procrastination has led to the neglect of his person, of cleanliness, and good manners. It has lost him the confidence of his master, the respect of his friends; none now depend upon him, nor expect him to perform his promise at the time specified, except it be enforced by his superior; and, what is worse, Satan by this means renders him more careless and negligent about his personal salvation. "I'll attend to it another time" is the way Satan deceives and ruins the soul. It is by no means improbable that some who read these pages may resemble James. We therefore give this brief account of him as a warning to them. Why put it off



till another time? Does not Solomon say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?" Eccles. ix. 10. And a greater than Solomon commands us to "work while it is called to-day, for now is the accepted time." Such a habit, if not broken off, will probably produce ruin in our temporal affairs, and in our everlasting concerns. Let me remind you there are objects which will not be put off. The creditor, when he comes to demand his money—the bailiff, when he comes to arrest your person, will not be put off. Time will not loiter, nor tarry for you—death will not be put off. And when your soul is required of you, you cannot say, I'll die at another time. When the archangel summons you to the bar of God, you cannot reply, I'll come at another time.



## MY MOTHER.

WITH whatever respect and admiration a child may regard a father, whose example has called forth his energies, and animated him in his various pursuits, he turns with greater affection, and intenser love, to a kind-hearted mother. The same emotion follows him through life, and when the changing vicissitudes of after years have removed his parents from him, seldom does the remembrance of his mother occur to his mind unaccompanied by the most affectionate recollections.

Show me a man, though his brow be furrowed, and his hair gray, who has forgotten his mother, and I shall suspect that his memory is impaired, or that a hard heart is beating in his bosom. "My Mother," is an expression of music and melody, that takes us back again to the days of our childhood; places us once more kneeling in the soft lap of a tender parent, and lifts up our little hands in the morning and evening prayer.

For my own part, I never think of my mother, without thinking, at the same time, of unnumbered kindnesses, exercised not towards me only, but to all around her. From my earliest years I can remember that the moment her eye caught the common beggar, her hand mechanically fumbled in her pocket. No shoeless and stockingless woman, with her cluster of dirty children, could pass unnoticed by her, and no weary and wayworn traveller could rest on the milestone opposite our habitation, without being beckoned across to satisfy his hunger and his thirst. No doubt she assisted many who were unworthy, for she relieved all within her influence.

“Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
Her pity gave ere charity began.”

Had her kindness, like that of many, been confined to good counsel, or the mere act of giving what she had to bestow, it would not have been that charity which “beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” Her benevolence was uniform and unceasing; it was a part of her character. In benefiting another, difficulty only increased her desire and determi-

nation to be useful. She was one who "searched out" the cause that she knew not; her pen addressed the peer, and her feet trod the threshold of the pauper, with equal alacrity in the cause of charity. To be occupied in relieving the poor, and pleading the cause of the friendless, was medicine to her body and mind.

No child could cry, no accident take place, no sickness occur, without my mother hastening off to render assistance. She had her piques, and her prejudices, but kindness was the reigning emotion of her heart.

Reader, if you think that I have said enough, bear with me; remember, I am speaking of my mother.

Among the many sons and daughters of affliction whose hearts were made glad by her benevolence, was a poor widow of the name of Wim, who resided in an almshouse; my mother had known her in her childhood. Often have I gazed on the aged woman, as she shaped her tottering steps, leaning on a stick, towards our dwelling. A weekly allowance, a kind welcome, and a good dinner, once a week, were her's to the close of her existence. She had a grateful heart, and the blessings of her who was "ready to perish," literally rested on my mother.

I could weary you with instances of my mother's kindness of heart; one more, and I have done.

One day, when my mother, with her trowel in her hand, was busily engaged among the shrubs and flowers of her little garden, and listening with pleasure to the sound of a band of music, which poured a cheerful air from a neighbouring barrack yard, where a troop or two of soldiers were quartered; a neighbour stepped into the garden to tell her, that a soldier was then being flogged, and that the band only played to drown the cries of the suffering offender. Not a word was spoken by my agitated parent, down dropped her trowel on the ground, and away she ran into the house, shutting herself up, and bursting into tears. The garden was forgotten, the pleasure had vanished, and music had turned into mourning in the bosom of my mother.

Reader! have you a mother? If you have, call to mind her forbearance, her kindness, her love. Try also to return them by acts of affection, that when the future years shall arrive, when the green sod shall be springing over the resting place of a kind-hearted parent, you may feel no accusing pang when you hear the endearing expression, My Mother!

## THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

THERE is an old Latin proverb which runs thus—*Beware of a man of one book.* The import of this seems to be, that he who has so concentrated his powers upon one pursuit as to have made a single volume the study of his whole life, must thereby have gained a knowledge of his subject so great and accurate as to render him a dangerous opponent. Though the adage may be extravagant, yet it carries in it a very important lesson, and one eminently suited to the present day. The invention of printing, along with countless benefits, has introduced some evils. We read too many books. Most of us fly from volume to volume, as butterflies skim over beds of flowers. This engenders frivolous habits of mind, not unlike those produced by indiscriminate gossiping. It is more rare than it used to be, to read a good book several times, or to become deeply familiar with a great author. There

are no doubt many readers of these lines, who would be benefited by abstaining for a twelvemonth from all new publications, and confining their studies to a small shelf of master-pieces.

If this is true of good books in general, how true is it with reference to the *best of books*. The Bible should stand in our affections where no other book stands. If "the man of one book" is a lover of the Bible, he is "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

As rivers taste of the soils through which they have recently flowed, so I have always found my current of thought and feeling tintured by the books with which I have last been conversant. Thus infidel writings leave me careless of the truth, and controversies sour my temper. Even pious writings produce a condition of mind modified by the disposition, the sect, and the imperfections of the author. The streams are tinged by the conduit. What would be the effect (I have asked myself,) of reading, for a time, nothing but the Bible? It is worth a trial, and the experiment can do no harm. One might *aim* at this point, even though necessity or duty prevented entire accomplishment. Life is short, and



there are vast ranges of Bible truth on which, as yet, we have scarcely made an entrance. When shall we begin to study the word of God in good earnest?

The various parts of Scripture explain one another. The Bible is a commentary on itself. What is expressed darkly or ambiguously in one place, is fully and plainly treated in another. It is wonderful how profound and accurate may be the knowledge of a plain Christian, who, like Bunyan, has studied the Bible without human helps.

Few of us can say that we read the Bible enough. To say nothing of our mode of study, we greatly fail even in *quantity*. And there can be no question, that such persons as are busily employed most of their waking hours, should devote their principal attention to the Book of Books. If a man's character is affected by his daily company, so will it be by his daily reading. "He that walketh with the wise shall be wise." One who conversed an hour a day with an apostle would become like him. One who had daily communion with an angel would acquire something of the angelic temper. But in the Bible we converse not only with apostles and prophets,



but with the true God, and with Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.

The more the Scripture is read, the more delightful does it become. But the taste may be vitiated, as the intemperate man gets to loathe the pure fountain. We must curtail our reading of unnecessary news, and idle fiction, if we would enjoy the sweet spring of the divine Word.

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXERCISE.

IN the Sabbath-school to which I am attached, the Superintendent is in the habit of introducing various exercises at the close of the school, with a view to the spiritual improvement of his truly responsible charge. Among these, he sometimes propounds questions or subjects adapted to the minds of the young, for their reflection and thought during the week.

Having on a previous Sabbath dwelt upon the proper observance of that sacred day, and urged upon them the command of God to keep it *holy*—the scholars were requested to “think of three or four ways, by which the Sabbath may be *violated*,” and to return written answers to the same on the following Lord’s day.

On that day, the Superintendent read a number of answers from the scholars, *most* if not *all* of which, were of their own composition, unaided by either parent or

teacher, as a greater part were written in the school. Regarding these answers as worthy of preservation, I have obtained a selection of them—satisfied, that you will concur with me in the opinion, that they speak volumes in favour of Sabbath-school instruction; and although we may be constrained to admit, that these answers are only *theoretically* given, yet may we not hope that He who has said, “I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me,” will make them of *practical* importance to these lambs of the flock.

“I violate the Sabbath day—by inattention to religious instruction—by neglect of public worship—by playing in the church yard—by visiting—by indulging in any angry feeling—by neglecting to pray—by visiting any places of amusement—by paying visits on the Sabbath—by neglecting to read the Bible—by not praying—by reading the books taken from the library, while the minister is preaching—by attending pleasure parties and excursions, or going to any places of amusement—by travelling, except it be on some religious account—by working or despatching any worldly business—by reading improper books—by spending money—by journey-

ing—by trading—by playing—by not attending on God's ordinances—by amusing ourselves with play-things—by reading improper books—by trafficking—by engaging in any secular business whatever—by any reading which is not strictly pious—by merely attending the services of the day with our bodies, and not with our whole hearts—by spending it in idleness and sloth—by not attending the house of God—by indulging vain and trifling thoughts when in the house of God—by improper conversation—by singing songs—by the study of improper books—by the use of profane language—by idle conversation—by fighting—by gaming—by buying or selling—by sleeping in church—by doing any unnecessary work—by being inattentive in church, or the Sabbath-school, &c., &c.

## SUCCESSFUL PEACE-MAKERS.

WHEN Mr. Welch accepted of the call to Ayr, he found the wickedness of the country, and their hatred to religion so great, that no one would let him a house, till Mr. John Stewart, an eminent Christian, and sometime provost of Ayr, accommodated him with an apartment in his house, and was to him a very able friend. Mr. Welch first addressed himself to the arduous task of healing their division, uniting their factious parties, and putting an end to their daily battles, which were so desperate that no one could walk in the street at day-time, without the most imminent danger of being wounded. His method was this: after he had put an helmet on his head he would go between the parties of fighting men, already covered with blood; but he never took a sword, which convinced them that he came not to fight but to make peace. When he had brought them, by little and

little to hear him speak, and to listen to his arguments against such brutish proceedings, he would order a table to be spread in the street, and, beginning with prayer, persuaded them to profess themselves friends, and to sit down, and to eat and drink together; which when done, he would finish his labour of love with singing a psalm. Thus, by degrees, labouring among them in word and doctrine, (for he preached every day,) and setting them a good example, he brought them to be a peaceable and happy people; and he grew, at length, in such esteem among them, that they made him their counsellor, to settle all their differences and misunderstandings, and would take no steps of importance in civil affairs without his advice.

The famous Mr. Elliot, of New-England, was a great enemy to all contention, and would ring a loud curfew bell wherever he saw the fires of animosity. When he heard any minister complain, that such and such in their flocks were too difficult for them, the strain of his answer still was, "Brother, compass them; and learn the meaning of these three little words, bear, forbear, forgive."

When there was laid before an assembly of ministers

a bundle of papers, containing matters of difference between some people, which he would rather unite, with an amnesty upon all their former quarrels, he with some imitation of Constantine, hastily threw the papers into the fire, before them all, and, with great zeal, said, "Brethren, wonder not at what I have done: I did it on my knees, this morning, before I came among you."

When Mr. Fletcher was at Trevecka, two of the students were bitterly prejudiced against each other. He took them into a room by themselves, reasoned with them, wept over them, and, at last, prevailed. Their hearts were broken; they were melted down; they fell upon each other's necks, and wept aloud.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."



## ANECDOTE OF HORROX.

ONE of the most simple, but striking and even touching instances of the union of science with piety is incidentally found in the life of Horrox, a youth of England, and also a member of the University of Cambridge, whose short life gave promise of the greatest advancement in science.

The visible transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disk is a phenomenon which very rarely occurs. Between two successive instances more than a century generally elapses; and an opportunity of observing it from a given point of the earth's surface is still more rare. The observation is also of such great importance in determining the elements of the planet's orbit, and the dimensions of the solar system, that on the last two occasions (1761 and 1769) expeditions were expressly sent from various parts of Europe to the most distant regions of the globe, in order to observe the transit.

A phenomenon so rare, requiring at least an approximate calculation of the time of its occurrence, and the assistance of sufficient instruments, was observed by no human eye from the creation of the world to the middle of the seventeenth century of the Christian era, (1639.) Horrox, a young man but twenty-one years of age, residing in a remote district of this country, (Manchester,) and almost deprived of the assistance of books and instruments, discovered that the imperfect tables of the planetary motions then in use gave reason to anticipate a visible transit of the planet. His superior knowledge enabled him to compute more correctly the time at which it would take place; and he made his preparations with all the anxiety which so new and important an observation was calculated to excite in an ardent mind. On the day before the transit was expected, he began to observe; and he resumed his labours on the morrow. But *the very hour*, when his calculations led him to expect the visible appearance of the planet on the sun's disk, *was also the hour appointed for the public worship of God on the Sabbath day.* The delay of a few minutes might deprive him of the means of observing the transit.

If its very commencement were not noticed, clouds might intervene: the sun was about to set; and nearly a century and a half would elapse before another opportunity would occur. *Notwithstanding all this, Horrox twice suspended his observations, and twice repaired to the house of God.* When his duty was thus paid, and he returned to his chamber the second time, his love of science was gratified with full success. His eyes were the first which ever witnessed the phenomenon that his sagacity had predicted.

Other minds might have been endued with sufficient ingenuity and patience to discover and observe so rare an occurrence. Others might have deduced the scientific information, and might have recorded the results, as he did, almost to the last hour of his life, (he died in little more than a year after the observation, January 3, 1741, before his Latin account of it was published, while giving the last corrections,) for the benefit of others. But where shall we seek for a mind so animated at once with philosophical inquiry and religious feeling?

## THE SABBATH.

JUDGE KENNEDY, of Pennsylvania, in his charge to the Jury, in the case of the Commonwealth against Kean and others, thus speaks of the Sabbath.

“I also consider it a great mistake to say that you may do in Pennsylvania on the first day of the week, or more commonly called Sunday, whatever you may do on any other day of the week. Without waiting to inquire whether or not God has, as Mr. Dupuy, one of the defendants, said, made all days alike, and whether the distinction be of divine appointment or not, it is sufficient to know that the Legislature of Pennsylvania have passed acts restraining and prohibiting the doing of certain acts, and pursuing a certain course of conduct on that day. It is forbidden that we should engage in, and follow our usual occupations, unless indeed, it should be that our daily labour was that of performing acts of necessity or mercy, which are lawful at all times and seasons. The policy of these acts ought not to be questioned. I pre-

sume it will be admitted, by any intelligent mind, that religion is of the utmost importance to every community. The history of the past furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of this proposition. It is the basis of civilization. Without it we should be in a state of moral darkness and degradation, such as usually attend the most barbarous and savage states. It is to the influence of it, that we stand indebted for all that social order and happiness which prevails among us. It is by the force of religion more than by that of our municipal regulations, or our boasted sense of honour, that we are kept within the line of moral rectitude, and constrained to administer to the welfare and comfort of each other. In short, we owe to it all that we enjoy either of civil or religious liberty. Blessings which certainly cannot be too highly appreciated, but ought not, as the defendants are said to have done upon this occasion, to be used as a cloak to cover a design to disturb the public peace, and to promote a sinister end. Here then give me leave to say, that the institution of the Sabbath is, in my humble opinion, not only admirably adapted to promote and establish religion among us, but to secure and preserve our physical as well as moral health and strength."

## OPINION OF JUDGE BLACKSTONE.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (the son of a silkman) was one of the most distinguished English judges; a man of most extensive learning, and a ripe scholar. The following is an extract from his works:

“Profanation of the Lord’s day is an offence against God and religion, punished by the municipal law. For besides the notorious indecency and scandal of permitting any secular business from being publicly transacted on that day in a country professing Christianity, and the corruption of morals that usually follows its profanation, the keeping of one day in seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment, as well as for public worship, is of admirable service in a state, considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes; which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity, and savage



selfishness of spirit; it enables the industrious workman to pursue his occupation in the ensuing week with health and cheerfulness; it imprints on the minds of the people, that sense of their duty to God, so necessary to make them good citizens; but which would be worn out and defaced by an unremitted continuance of labour, without any stated times for recalling them to the worship of their Maker."



## THE GREEK SHEPHERD.

*Interesting Illustration of John x. 3.*

LAST night my attention was directed to the words, "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name."

Having been informed that it was usual in Greece to give names to the sheep, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them, I had this morning an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd to call one of his sheep. He did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with a prompt obedience, and signs of pleasure that I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep of this country, that "a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger." The shepherd told me that many of his sheep are still wild, that they had not yet

learned their names; but that by teaching, they would all learn them. The others, which knew their names, he called tame. How natural an application to the state of the human race does this description admit of! The good Shepherd laid down his life for his sheep; but many of them are still wild; they know not his voice. Others have learned to obey his call, and to follow him; and we rejoice to think that even to those not yet in his fold the words are applicable. "Them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

A traveller recently returned from Palestine, informs us that near to Jerusalem he saw a shepherd, whose method of leading his flock was by walking before the sheep and calling them, and they immediately followed after him, thus illustrating that interesting passage, John x. 3—5. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."

## GOOD RULES AND MAXIMS.

GIVEN BY A SCHOOL-MASTER TO HIS PUPILS.

1. WHEN in company the conversation turns on an absent person, and you are called on to express an opinion, always fancy that very person is standing silent behind you looking over your shoulder, and listening attentively to what you say. You will then speak prudently, and with due regard to his character.

2. As far as possible, when you come to be your own masters, avoid contracting debts. Try to do without every thing you cannot pay for; and when prudence requires the contracting of a debt, be punctual to the day in paying it. Your affairs will then never get into confusion. You will always know exactly how you stand with the world.

3. Set a high value on your word in all things. Be sure you never make a promise that you are not morally

certain of being able to perform. The highest compliment your neighbours can bestow on you will be to say, "His word is as good as his bond. You may place implicit faith in what he says."

4. Always be ready to do an act of kindness when you can do it consistently with all your other obligations. And always do it cheerfully, gladly, without a wry face or an apology. But let those you oblige see and feel that you take delight in serving them. This will make you many friends—many who will be ever ready to oblige you in turn.

5. If you receive an injury, sleep at least twelve hours soundly before you make up your mind in what manner to treat it. Then palliate it as much as you can, and reflect well on what course will be at once most honourable, humane, and advantageous, in regard to it. Thus you will stand a good chance of acting wisely.

6. Choose your company among men of virtue, regular habits, and sense, so that your own character, habits, and manners may be formed on a good model. This will save you much trouble, and redound in the end greatly to your advantage.

## WHAT HARM HAVE I DONE?

MANY will confess they have not been as good as they ought to have been, but yet do not see that they are great sinners; they are sure they have not done much harm. Think, then of the harm you have done in breaking God's command, the first commandment, before spoken of. Is it no harm, not to have loved God as he requires, all your days? Is it no harm in a child not to love its parents as it ought? Is it not rather the very worst of sins against them, a continual sin, which cries aloud for punishment all the day long? Consider, then, that every time the eye of the Lord has looked upon you, (and his eye is ever upon us all,) he has seen you in the very act of disobeying his law. The heart's love and service is what he has required always, but it is what you have never given. Name, if you can, a single action of your life, in which you have shown that you loved God with all your heart,

and with all your soul, and with all your strength. You well know that not one act ever came fully up to this mark. And think of the harm as to all the things you have left undone. Your whole life ought to have been spent in showing your love to God. What thousands and tens of thousands of acts of love ought you to have done, in all the hours which you have spent without even a thought of serving God! Surely it well becomes us to confess that we are "miserable offenders," and that "there is no health in us;" for it is plain that while we have been following "too much the devices and desires of our own hearts," we have erred and strayed from the ways and commandments of God, "like lost sheep."

Many other ways might be taken to show you what harm you have done to your neighbours, in not loving them as yourself; to your families and acquaintance in setting them an example of disobedience to God's law, thus encouraging them also to disobey it, and to walk in those paths which end in everlasting death. But enough has been said to show you that as surely as God's word is true, you have done quite harm enough to be under the sentence of eternal punishment. For what says the scrip-



ture? "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all;" "for the wages of sin is death;" and, "the scripture hath concluded all under sin;" yea, the whole world is "become guilty before God." Who art thou, then, O vain man, who sayest thou hast done no harm? Look again and see thy face in the glass of God's law, and confess that thou art indeed vile and abominable. "Let God be true," though thou be found "a liar;" and henceforth let thy language be that of the repenting prodigal, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee." Say not with the proud pharisee, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are;" but rather like the publican, who better knew what was in his heart, smite upon thy breast, and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"



## KNOWLEDGE.

"What an excellent thing is knowledge!" said a sharp-looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he; "my boys know more at six and seven years old, than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man looking gravely, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing."

"That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," meekly replied the old man, and thus

he went on:—"When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes the carriage that he draws to pieces, or throws his rider."

"I see! I see!" said the little man.

"When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps every thing before it, and destroys the produce of the fields."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

"When a ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists up enables her the sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the further will she go out of her course."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see clearly!"

"Well then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse."

"I see! I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see!"

## THE WORLD IS MINE.

WHAT part of Natural Philosophy is not interesting to man? In our cities now, and even in an ordinary dwelling house, a man is surrounded by prodigies of mechanic art: and, with his proud reason, is he to use these as careless how they are produced, as a horse is careless how the corn falls into his manger? A general diffusion of knowledge is changing the condition of man, and elevating the human character in all ranks of society. Our remote forefathers were generally divided into small states, or societies, having few relations of amity with surrounding tribes, and their thoughts and interests were confined very much within their own little territories and rude habits. In succeeding ages their descendants found themselves belonging to large communities, as when the English heptarchy was united; but still remote kingdoms and quarters of the world were of no interest to them, and

were often totally unknown. Now, however, every one sees himself a member of one vast civilized society, which covers the face of the earth; and no part of the earth is indifferent to him. In England a man of small fortune may cast his looks around him, and say with truth and exultation, "I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which even a king could not command a few centuries ago. Ships are crossing the seas in every direction, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in America they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands they are preparing my sugar and my coffee; in Italy they are feeding silk-worms for me; in Saxony they are shearing the sheep to make me clothing; at home powerful steam engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that minerals useful to me may be procured. Although my patrimony was small, I have post-coaches running day and night on all the roads; and canals and bridges, to bear the coal for my winter fire; nay, I have protecting fleets and armies around my happy country, to secure my enjoyments and repose. Then I

have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among all these people who serve me. And in a corner of my house I have books! the miracle of all my possessions! more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian tales, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books I can conjure up before me, in vivid existence, all the great and good men of antiquity; and for my individual satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits. The orators declaim for me, the historians recite, the poets sing, and from the equator to the pole, or from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be where I please." This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended, such being God's goodness and providence, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover the earth may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all.

## THE CABIN SCHOOL IN MISSOURI.

IN the discharge of a duty which I owe to God, I have the satisfaction of giving an account of the commencement and progress of our Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood where I reside.

Some two or three persons, friends to the Sunday-school cause, but not professed Christians, agreed, in the spring of 1832, to try to start a Sabbath-school in our neighbourhood. They made their desire known to some boys, who agreed they would attend if they would not have prayers in the school. This suited well, as there were no persons in the habit of praying in public, and only three persons,—one male and two female,—within the limits of the school, that were accustomed to pray at all.

We got those servants of God to unite with us. We made a superintendent of the only religious man in the school and neighbourhood, and who did not then believe it to be his duty to pray in public, and went to work.



We commenced, in June, 1832, in a log cabin in the midst of a corn-field, with thirty-five scholars, eighteen females and seventeen males, with the addition of a Bible class of thirteen, consisting principally of teachers. We went on for some time without prayers in public, with the exception of two Sabbaths, when we were visited by praying friends.

Instead of taking our guns to go in the pursuit of game on the Sabbath, as many of us may have done, we resorted to the Sabbath-school in the pursuit of some real good, in the reading and study of God's holy word, and in seeking the salvation of our souls. And blessed be the name of the Lord, some of us, as we trust, have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write.

In the course of that summer, *ten* professed their love and attachment to the Saviour, and by their godly conduct gave proof of a well-founded hope in his mercy.

Our school has increased since in numbers and in piety. About twenty are now rejoicing in hope. A number of families have begun to practise family worship, and instead of the report of the rifle on the Lord's day, the prayers of Sunday-school converts may be heard.



## THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

AN anecdote was lately communicated to us by a foreign correspondent, which strikingly evinces the appropriateness of the sacred injunction:—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—*Ecc.* xi. 6.

While an officer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. M., were in Waterford, Ireland, their son was taken sick. When the lad found his sickness was likely to be unto death, he called on his mother to speak to him about Jesus Christ, and to tell him of the place where his soul was going. She acknowledged plainly that she could tell him nothing about it.—Until then she never had made an inquiry on the subject herself. But she asked the boy what it was that had stirred up his mind to put these questions to her? He replied, that while their regiment was stationed in India, he had gone to the Sunday-school of Mr. Taylor,

the Missionary—that he feared to tell his mother lest she should hinder him from going, and that he was there first shown that he had a soul, that he was a sinner, and that he wanted a Saviour. He died happy. The mother is now a truly pious woman; but she had no recollection of any such school or person in India as her son had mentioned.

It so happened that the Rev. Mr. Reland, a clergyman from Waterford, was attending a missionary meeting in another part of Ireland, and some conversation was had respecting the India missions, in which Mr. Taylor's name was mentioned. Mr. Reland immediately mentioned the case of the lad above-mentioned, and the whole matter was at once explained. Mr. Taylor was informed of the incident, but says that he has no recollection of the name or of the lad—he only knows that several used to attend (officers' children and others) a Sunday-school which he kept for several years, and in which he never had any satisfactory evidence that good was done. The mother of the lad was longing to find out the residence of one who had proved such a lasting benefactor to herself and her departed child, that she might personally acknowledge her deep debt of gratitude.

## THE WISE CAPTAIN.

THOSE captains of vessels, who sail from port to port, are every one of them furnished with charts, and they direct their vessels according to them. Every captain consults his chart several times a day; and in any case of difficulty he does so even several times an hour; and if the vessel be deviating but an hair's breadth upon the chart, from her true course, it is immediately detected and corrected. Thus we have a perfect chart of our whole course to heaven, the Bible; and we may in every instance know exactly what direction to take.

What would be thought of a captain, who never looked at his chart, or even at the course of his vessel, except perhaps an hour on Sundays, and all the rest of the week was carried about at the sport of the winds and currents! Or what, if he never looked at it, accept as a mere form and ceremony, because it had been the custom of his

father and grandfather to do so, but never asking, or so much as thinking, whether his vessel was steered according to it or not! Would you be willing to take passage in such a vessel? Would you put any goods on board? Would you send even a letter by her? Would such a vessel ever get to her destined place? Never—never. And yet thousands would think us very uncharitable, if we so much as intimated that they would not arrive at heaven in just that sort of way.

But the captain, with all his care and anxiety, may still never be able to reach the destined port. A thousand unforeseen occurrences may prevent. But, if you take half the pains to arrive at the haven of eternal rest, you will certainly arrive there. Any little child, who consults his Bible and governs his conduct accordingly, has infinitely greater certainty of arriving at heaven, than any captain now in one port has of getting to another, with the best vessel, and the best chart, and the best seamen, and best management in the world. Will you not then really try to get to heaven? It is not spending your strength for naught.

## BIBLE STATISTICS.

It was stated by Mr. Dudley, at the late meeting of the Gloucester (Eng.) Bible Society, that the Parent Society had printed and distributed *nine millions* of Bibles and Testaments since its formation in 1804, and that during the whole of last year, excluding Sundays, and allowing twelve hours to each day, there had been a continual stream of the waters of life flowing from the depository in London, at the rate of nearly three copies of the sacred scriptures *every minute!* Of upwards of three hundred known languages which are spoken in the world, no portion of the holy Scriptures had ever appeared in print in more than *forty-nine*, before the establishment of the Bible Society: but that now, by the blessing of God on the labours of that institution, the number printed, translated, or translating, amounts to one *hundred and eighty-five different languages*. If the sacred volumes already

issued by this Society were placed side by side, allowing two inches to be the thickness of each book, they would extend upward of *four hundred and seventy-six miles*. And yet there remain upward of *six hundred and twenty millions* of human beings whom the light of the gospel has never reached!

## ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

1. HAVING selected your profession, resolve not to abandon it; but by a life of industry and enterprise adorn it. You will be much more likely to succeed in a business you have long studied, than in that of which you know but little.

2. Select the best company in your power to obtain, and let your conversation be on those things which you wish to learn. Frequent conversation will elicit much instruction.

3. Obtain a friend to select for you the best books on morality, religion and the liberal arts, and particularly those which treat on your own profession. It is not the reading of many books that makes a man wise, but the reading of only those which can impart wisdom.

4. Thoroughly understand what you read; take notes of all that is worth remembering, and frequently review what you have written.



5. Select for your model, the purest and greatest characters, and always endeavour to imitate their virtues, and to emulate their greatness.

6. Serve God; attend his worship; and endeavour to set an example of piety, charity and sobriety to all around you.

7. Love your country; respect your rulers; treat with kindness your fellow apprentices; let your great aim be usefulness to mankind.

8. Get all you can by honest industry; spend none extravagantly; and provide largely for old age.

9. In a word, think much, act circumspectly, and live usefully.

## ORIGINAL LETTER OF MR. FLETCHER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUTH.

MADELEY, 28th Nov. 1784.

DEAR JOHN,

I rejoice to hear that you think of a better world; and of that better part which Mary, and your mother, another Mary, chose before you. May all her prayers, and above all, may the dew of heaven, come down upon your soul in solemn thoughts, heavenly desires, and strong resolutions to be the Lord's, cost what it will. Let the language of your heart and lips be, at any rate, "I will be a follower of Christ, yea, a member of his, a child of God, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." But in order to be this happy and holy soul, you must not forget that your Christian name, and ten thousand reasons beside, bind you to turn your back upon the world, the flesh and the devil, and to set yourself to look steadfastly to the Father,

Son, and Holy Ghost, your Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. Dear John, you have no time to lose; we have calls here to the young without end. I lately buried in our church yard two brothers and sisters in the same graves. Be you also ready! I was praying for you some nights ago, on my bed, in my sleepless hours; and I asked for you the faith of righteous Abel, the chastity of Joseph, the early piety of Samuel, the right choice of young Solomon, the self-denial and abstinence of Daniel, together with the early zeal and undaunted courage of his three friends; but, above all, I asked that you might follow John the Baptist, and John the Apostle, as they followed the Lord. Back, earnestly back, my prayers. So shall you be faithful, diligent, godly; a blessing to all around you, and a comfort to your affectionate old friend and minister,

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE END.





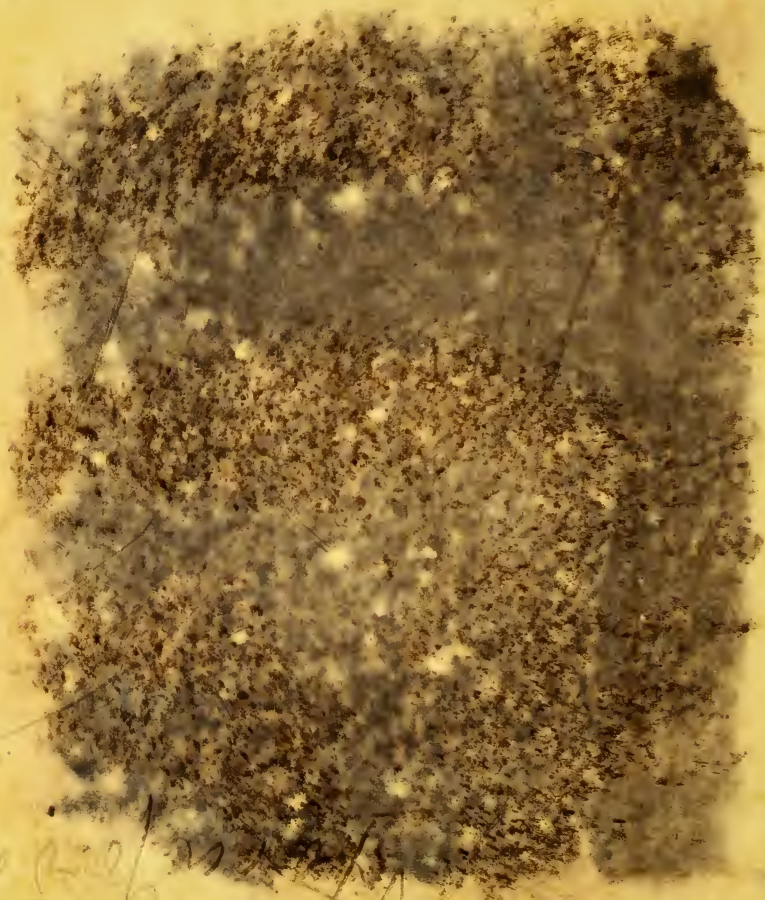












Full moon  
after sunset

23h 21045

C.2

*[Handwritten signature]*



